

MODEL RICHARD EDWARD FORSYTHE

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"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away."



Henry David Thoreau

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Cover: Who will fill the Mr. Drummer chair? Photo of Rene by Jim Moss. Opposite page: Paul Manenti, winner of the 1983 Mr. Northern California Drummer Contest, and on his way to the June finals. Photo by Jim Wigler.

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VOLUME 7/NUMBER 63/APRIL 1983

## BASTON BODE

Drummer, along with the San Francisco leather community, was saddened to hear of the death of Hank Diethelm, owner of The Brig, both long time institutions on Folsom Row. Even more shocking were the details of his death; strangulation, blows to the head, body handcuffed to a dentist's chair in his basement, five separate fires set throughout his house. An eye witness happened along to report seeing the suspect loading up Hank's car and driving off.

The police have arrested the suspect, impounding the car and the loot, according to newspaper reports—which themselves kept the SM aspects of the case down to a roar. We still don't know all the details. Whether games went too far and the surviving player panicked, or whether Hank was chosen to be done in, we can't say. But we can't think of a more unlikely victim. What we do know is that Hank is gone and will be

deeply misssed.

Along with leather and The Brig, Hank loved his home, opera, the theatre, and was a collector of antiques and silver. He quietly and generously supported many causes in the community, including sending three men to Chicago each year for the Mr. International Leather Contest. He made his money in the leather community and he returned much of it in many different ways.

I like to remember that whenever Hank would call on another bar in the area, he would personally pick up all the beer bottles on the street along the way and leave the returnable empties with the bar he was visiting, both to keep neighborhood pressure down and not

to arrive empty-handed.

Hank Diethelm was a good and decent man, his bar has always been well-run and gives every indication of continuing as a memorial to the man who made it the epitome of leather bars in San Francisco. His quiet and generous leadership on Folsom Row will be remembered for a long time to come.

A well-planned and moving wake was held Sunday, April 17 at The Brig. His friends came from all around to drink a toast to Hank and what he stood for. The San Francisco Board of Supervisors sent a proclamation stating that they had adjourned early out of respect for him. The floral arrangements brightened the dark barroom, the music was dynamic but classical and the mood subdued but friendly.

fust the way Hank would have liked it.
John H. Embry

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## MALECALL/Dear Sir:

## A MAJOR RESPONSE

I hope R.G. from North Carolina in his letter complaining about queens (Drummer, Issue No. 61 Male Call, "A Major Complaint") has his gay act together. We all need to learn from history that nearly two million of us went together into the death camps of Nazi Germany where there was no distinction between butch and fem and queen and clone. No room is left in the gay community for R.G.'s petry distinctions.

M.E.M. Indiana

In reading the letter from R.G. in North Carolina (Drummer No. 61) and your response, my estimation of your publication and what it stands for has risen 1000%.

This man is frightened. I'm a top who has been into leather for 12 years now and done it all. While I find the types described by R.G. unattractive. I will defend their rights to pursue and adopt an identity and a role.

Lack of cohesion within the gay community is the single most damaging influence in keeping gays where they are. The ideal should be to generate the kind of society where all these areas become non-issues. By that I mean that one's sexual identity would have no more import than one's hair color. I wish to stop having to preface every conversation with the fact that I'm gay. My ideas and feelings and opinions must stand or fall of their own merit. My sexual identity should serve to give them flavor and style.

Finally, to deny the feminine is to deny a part of every man and leads too easily to the kind of misogyny that is already too common among gays.

Thanks for listening and bravo!

From a man who can eat quiche and still be a man...

Barry Byford Address Withheld

I find your response to R.G.'s letter excellent and to the point. As a psychotherapist, I can't help wonder what is going on in R.G.'s head. What has caused so much anger in what he's writing about? One of the causes of anger is tear of (fill in the blank). I can only suspect that his feelings could be a reaction to a closeted past or a need to reinforce his— as he states it— MAN ego. If the latter is true, is he not saying, "I am better than..."

The most damaging discrimination against gays is not from the beterosexual

brothers and sisters. I feel very sorry for R.G. because he is not more accepting of others. He has the right to choose who he sleeps with, but does he truly have the right to put others down for the sake of his own ego?

Thanks for the excellent article by Mark Chester ("Bondage Confessions"). Drummer is getting better all the time.

D. Coryell Vancouver, Canada

I must applaud your editor's note to "R.G." in Drummer (Issue 61). I have just finished performing in Doric Wilson's Street Theatre at the Mineshaft, The show carries various political messages (besides being the first "legit" show to ever be performed at NYC's best backroom bar) but the main message was this: the need for unity in the gay community. Street Theatre was about the Stonewall Rebellion, and Wilson's parallel to today, when gays have forgotten the importance of standing together, and too often carrying loathing and contempt for others that may not be part of their particular clique.

Leathermen are the brunt of as much prejudice among gays as the drags and nellie queens." In these times with moral" and conservative power threatening to again dominate the thinking of all people, gays must remember that we are all brothers and sisters and must band together. Tolerance of all is a must. We have to remember that those who put on a dress or fluffy sweater for their pleasure have as much right as we do to put on our black leather.

Peter B. New York

## RENEWAL BLUES

Truly your publication must be the one and only in this country that does not hound its subscribers to death. In fact I did not receive one notice that my subscription was ending. I am enclosing my renewal. In the future I, as I'm sure many others, would appreciate some form of notification that our favorite magazine is about to be taken away from us.

Thank you in advance for the many wonderful issues of fantasy, daydreaming, and just good old jack-off material. Keep up the good work. But I really would like to see more articles on enemas and fisting.

E.T. Alexandria, VA (Editor's Note: Real sorry about the stipup in getting a renewal notice to you: that's a rare complaint around here, but nonetheless, we'll try never to let it happen again.)

## ON SLAVES & M'S

I was more than pleased that Larry Townsend finally differentiated an M from a slave. The failure to understand this difference has broken up more than one relationship. Although I am a total M, I am also a busy and responsible citizen with a good position and certain civic responsibilities in the community. I have no time to be shining shoes, washing cars, cooking meals, walking dogs, and cleaning houses and apartments. On the other hand, when hot and horny, in the right hands I thrill to a studded belt or whip, harness or C&B torture, golden showers, shaving, piercing, ball weights, and rough oral and anal use.

There comes a time, though, when both master (or masters) as well as the M are satiated, hungry, sleepy, in need of a smoke or shave, and, finally, a good sleep, a real bath, and donning one's garb for one's duties in society.

Thanks to Larry for making this succinctly clear.

> J. Belton Chicago, IL

## THE SICK WHO RULE US

Greetings from the land that pioneered and championed modern democracy. The country where no laiddown constitution or Bill of Rights was thought necessary as people's freedoms and rights were protected and enshrined by the legislative and confirmed by the executive.

Of course it was never as idealistic as that in practice, but today, in 1983, as Britain slides further and further to the right, these longstanding and cherished rights are eroding away. More of the Weirmar, less of Tom Paine.

Whilst the sovereignty and freedom of a handful of people in the South

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DRUMMER, DRUMSTICKS, DRUMBEATS BRUM TOUGH CUSTOMERS, TOUGH SHOT, DRUMMEDIA, LEATHER NOTEBOOK, DRUMMER GUIDE TO GEIDES, DRUMMERART, FOR MI, MREAS ONLY, MAN TO MAN CLASSIFIEDS GETTING OFF and IN PASSING are copyrighted names of departments of ORUMMER magazina. Copyright 1983 by Alternata Publishing

Atlantic are protected by the spending of billions of pounds (dollars) and hundreds of dead, the Conservative Government is (before the next General Election) pushing a Police Bill through Parliament which will have diabolical repercussions on the freedoms and rights of gays in Britain. These include, amongst others, forcible entry into homes (without warrant), street arrests on suspicion (of gayness), being held up to 72 hours incommunicado, and held in custody for one week without being charged. All actions of which Soviet citizens are already familiar.

For many years press censorship has prevailed within this country, but now control is getting tighter. Gay bookstores are regularly busted, gay advertising is banned, and the right to read, see

or do is violated repeatedly.

The Customs and Excise Management continues to play its part as well. Drummer 60 never made it through.

Let no one in your country have any doubt about the worsening situation here. You may have your own worries with the Moral Majority, Jesse Helms, and various outher hyenas in ascendency. Here they are already in power and are out for blood.

This piece of polemic is long and angry, but I hope it conveys some of the frustrations and tears of a liberal minded gay who is appalled at the sickness enveloping his beloved country.

Great Britain

(Editor's Note: We are acutely aware of the state of things in England- where, ironically, homosexuality per se has not been a crime for a number of years and we are constantly battling with Customs & Excise over Drummer. We continue to invent new ways to insure that you receive your magazine, but teeter on the brink of having Drummer officially banned, it may be difficult for Americans to fully grasp such a situation, where a magazine can not be sold by government decree. But it is a situation that, given the frequency with which gay magazines are seized and prosecuted in America today by local authorities, looms ominously on the horizon. We already follow some of the suggestions you mentioned in your letter - which have been deleted here intentionally— and have had a very good success rate.)

## HORSESHIT

You've never had articles about sex with horses. Why? I know some real together leathermen who get turned on by horses, riding them, being around them, fucking with them. You've covered everything else—why not horses?

R.G.R. El Paso, TX (Continued on page 92)

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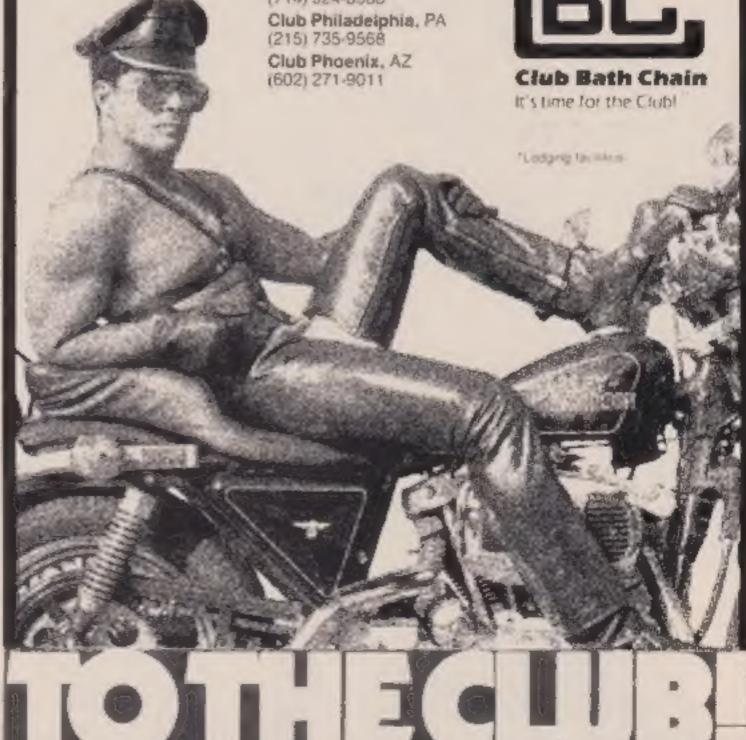
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# THE QUARTERS BECOMES THE BECOMES THE BECOMES THE BECOMES THE BECOMES THE

Art RANDY WEST BY ROBERI (WHO CLA VE BEE PHOTOS BY NIGLER

The concept of THE QUARTERS was an exciting and intriguing one. It had been designed at a discipline training enterprise where carefully chosen men could go for a weekend or a month when they were on the west coast and discover themselves. It was somewhat of a manhood ritual. How could you stand up to hours locked in a cell, stripped, ordered around, made to perform for someone else's enjoyment, put your own likes and dislikes aside, drop your ego along with your pants and become a stripped-down number whose vocabulary was limited to "Yes, Sir" and "Thank You Sir."

Drummer ran a couple of spreads on The Quarters and its operators were swamped with mail from all over the world. Men came to San francisco to experience The Quarters' training. It was very select, very private and very short-lived.

The people are gone, the place is empty, leaving a lot of disappointed guys. Then one day we were given access to the premises and we came across the idea of creating a somewhat similar facility. We'd call it THE COMPOUND and we'd reconstruct what had been attempted, but on a more solid footing. We approached Jim-Ed Thompson who used to edit a magazine called Action Male that many of us have spent many a happy hour drooling and meat-beating over. Bondage was Jim-Ed's specialty and still is, so he offered to put on a demonstration for us. As luck would have it, he was personally taking on a young trainee that he volunteered for us to photograph.

We walked into the induction room of what was once the west wing of The Quarters and I couldn't believe my eyes. The effect was just like I remembered it, the low lights—some areas lit only by candles and others by small red bulbs, like on a ship. The racks were still there for hanging the equipment (and the men) and military stenciled instructions remained on the rough wood walls. All that seemed to be lacking was the DI's voice thundering from the cell room down the hall.

We asked Jim-Ed if whatever he planned to do to his trainee was also part of the training, "Everything he has done to him is part of it," he stated. "Not in the military sense under which The Quarters operated, but I have been working on this guy for several weeks now and he is just as completely trained as anything The Quarters turned out."

Enter the subject of the conversation. Young (about 28), Caucasian, well-built, masculine, completely controlled and ready for anything. He knew he was to do exactly as he was told and only what he was told. There were no instructions and to this day I don't know the guy's name. Not that his name is important but he didn't even have a number like The Quarters used to assign each trainee.

But I'll call him "Seventeen" so you'll know who I'm talking about. If I hear from a "Seventeen" that used to be Quarters' property, I'm sorry,

DRUMMER 8







17 stood there, looking down at the floor, waiting to be told what to do. "Kneel, cocksucker," (maybe he did have a name after all) was all Jim-Ed said— or had to say. The guy dropped to his knees, putting his arms behind him. Jim-Ed reached behind his back and pulled up the shirt. Off it came revealing not only a well-developed chest and wide shoulders but two of the biggest nipples I've seen to date on any man. So I had to ask.

"How did his tits get so long, for hellsake?"

"We've been working on them for over a month now," said fim-Ed matter-of-factly. "His whole body is developing very well. A couple of hours of forced working out each day and we'll have a showpiece on our hands. His tits are getting a lot rougher now, at least he has stopped yelling so much when I work on them now."

I ran a hand across the broad, hairless chest, tweaked each tit and checked his lower belly. "Are you going to shave his snatch?"

"Of course. His ass and underarms are getting it too. The first thing to go was that fucking beard."

That's right. I remembered the guy now. He had had a short beard that made him look like some nineteenth-century Morman settler the other time lim-Ed had shown him to me. And I remembered his physical development hadn't been near what I saw in front of me at the moment.

Jim-Ed made him lie down on the cold concrete and pulled his pants down. Seventeen had a big fat pecker, big balls and the crotch area had been either shaved or clipped not too long ago.

because the pubic hair was short, the balls still smooth Jim-Ed threw the jeans across the room and grabbed the guy's arm, pulling it behind his back. He pushed Seventeen's head down to the floor and the trainee automatically began licking the tall black boot in front of him.

"Good boy," said his trainer and started tying his hands behind his back.

"Thank you, Sir," the good boy said softly,

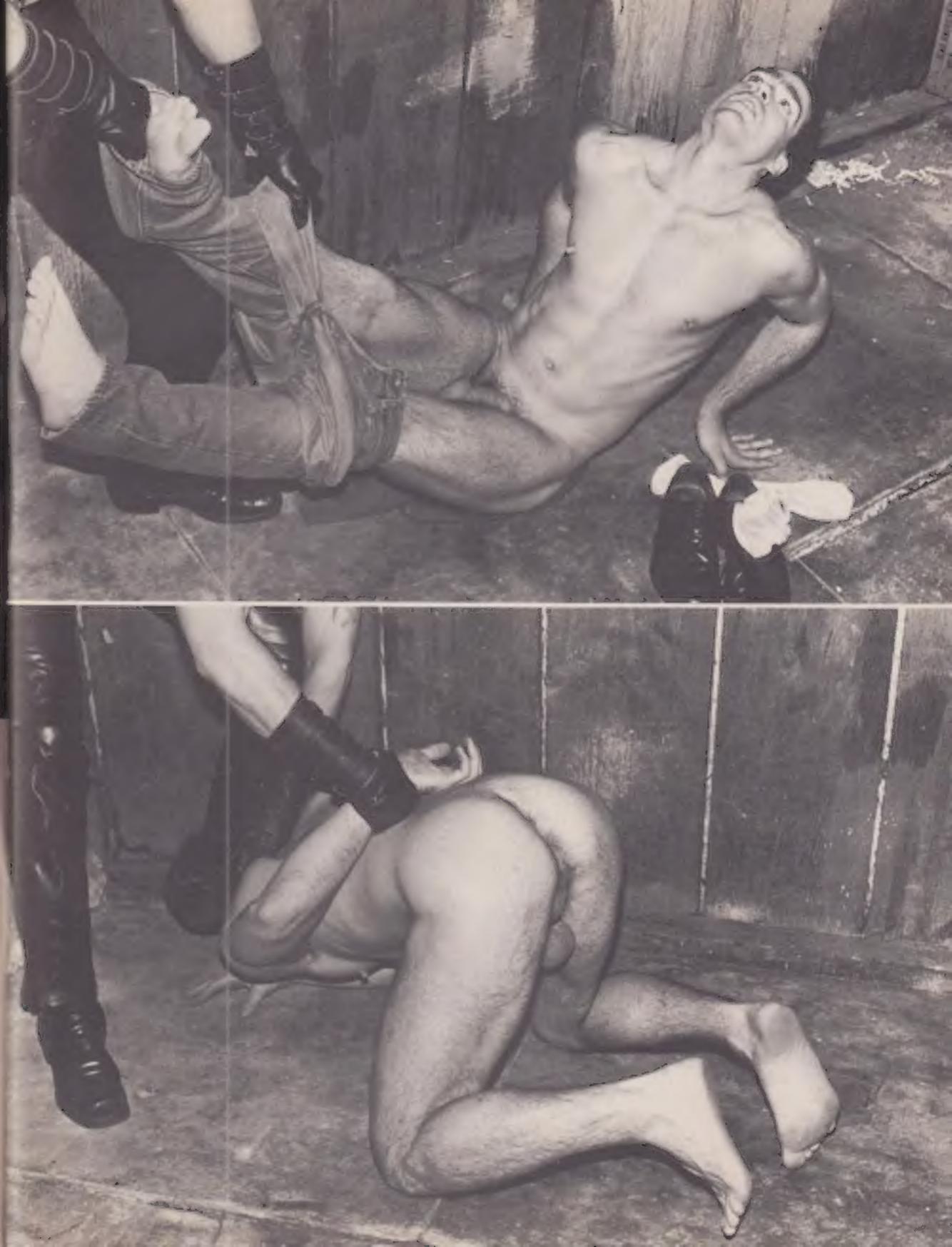
Jim-Ed went to work in an efficient and professional manner. The rope was well-chosen nylon and cotton, white and virginal, and as Seventeen began to wear more and more of it, his torso began to be covered as by a web, then his pelvis and crotch. Naturally he said absolutely nothing, merely snapping-to everytime his trainer told him to do something. Jim-Ed wrapped the rope around the boy's ankles and he ceased to move around the area, merely struggling to keep his balance.

"A subject like this has to be really worked with to be brought to this level of discipline." Jim-Ed said. "He started out by asking a lot of damntool questions and kept challenging me."

"How did you break him of it?" I asked, as if I didn't know. Jim-Ed pulled back and struck the boy hard across the face. If Seventeen was surprised he didn't react. He merely said, "Thank you, Sir."

Obviously a lot of training had gone into this recruit. Jim-Ed bent him over and examined Seventeen's ass. It looked tight, muscular, beautiful and ready.

A couple stinging pops across those smooth buttocks, a cou-















ple more "Thank you, Sirs," and Jim-Ed stuck a large forelinger into the beautiful hole. He felt around inside, pulled the finger out and stuck it into the guy's waiting mouth. Another "Thank you, Sir," and we were ready to watch the finishing of the rope harness.

Suddenly the boy cleared his throat, hesitated and, still looking at the floor, said, "May I ask a question, Sir?"

"Ask away, asshole

"Sir, thank you, Sir. I would like to have permission to pee, Sir."

"Permission denied. Now get down on your knees."

"Yes, Sir."

He knelt and, while Jim-Ed began applying nylon cord to each of those big napples, his recruit licked the broad chest and rippled belly before him. "The bastard is full of piss," said his master. "There isn't any toilet in this part of the building, so I've been using him to take the beer I've been drinking.

I remembered that The Quarters was woefully short of plumbing and one of the trainees used to go from cell to cell every few hours with a big coffee can and let the nude bucks put their dicks through the bars to pee into it. What was done to it after

being in the can, I couldn't say

The kid's balls were swelling both from the cockring and the rope around them and his prick kept becoming erect, then subsiding, almost like a breathing exercise. He showed no embarrassment for the erection. Obviously he had been trained to realize his prick was not his to worry about

"What more training has the kid got ahead of him?" I asked
"A lot. He is my personal project and I want quite a bit to show

for all this work."

"What does he do for a living?"

"He was a computer operator. But you can't get a build sitting at a fucking computer." Pause and a smile. "I got him a job doing heavy construction. He still gets those two hours in the gym everyday though."

It showed

You sure can get a hard-on since we stopped letting you beat off, though, can't you boy?"

"Sir, yes, Sir." The fat dick began to swell.

"I make him wear that cockring all the time. I even went by where he works, took him to the can and checked him out. He had it on alright, so I put a butt plug in him for the day as a

reward. He had to come over here that night to take a shit. He sure knew better than to try to take it out himself."

The guy's tits seemed swollen and were beginning to look sore as hell. God, they were beautiful Jim-Ed noticed my interest. "I'm going to ring him soon. Those nipples are getting big enough for doubles, maybe triples. Right, boy?"

"Sir, yes, Sir."

"See that weight hanging from his bails?" I saw, It was lead and must weigh about ten pounds. "He'll be able to support one of those on each tit soon. Won't you, boy?"

"Sir, ves, sir."

Jim-Ed was playing with the kid's mouth, putting a black leather glove between those white teeth. Seventeen was licking frantically, trying to please

"You asked what we're going to do with him from now on. He's got a lot to learn before I can release him as a graduate. Or

even use him for myself "

He paid no attention to Seventeen as we discussed him in the third person, other than to use his gloved hand to slap the young fellow around. From cheek to cheek, down across the swo len nipples, the arms, belly, cock and balls, thighs and ass. Tears began to well up in Seventeen's eyes and while he never questioned his treatment, he looked imploringly at his trainer. The beating became more and more intense and the boy raised his ass to receive the blows as if by instruct. Anything to be of service. As Jim-Ed methodically went about the business of raising the fellow's consciousness, he observed, "He gets a high from this punching around. I'll just give him a good one to that soft fucking belly of his and ... " His fist pounded into the guy's tight gut, just below the bellybutton and Seventeen fell back against the rough wall on his bended knees. He was fighting for breath. He fell to his belly and slowly began crawling over to Jim-Ed's boots

and finish this up." Jim-Ed let him lick one boot while he

placed the other in the middle of the broad back

Thank you, Sir." The words were spaced out and difficult to hear. Seventeen was frantically licking that symbol of authority, black leather police boots. He was wordlessly pleading to be accepted—wordlessly but, in my book, very effectively

'I'll shave his head and the rest of his bod in a week or so. He needs to know what a piece of shit he is, no matter how good he

looks. Then I'll show him how good he can be."

Sounded like EST to me— and a hell of a lot sexier

never know but what it was the thrill of his life. He then thanked me for letting him suck me off, swallow my cum, drink my piss and then crawled back to the man who controlled him—cock stock and barrel. Jim-Ed yanked the rope off of the rest of him. "Have to worry about circulation after twenty minutes," he stated. He field the guy's wrists and pused the rope up to the rafters. It was a scene almost identical to the old Quarters

We'll leave the cocksucker there for awhite," he said

He biew out the candles. "have to worry about fire in these old buildings," was his observation. "Can't leave these unattended." There was a dim red bulb shining brightly enough to illuminate the prisoner's sweating ivory skin. Seventeen had become part of the erotic scene, as a living piece of statuary to be the highpoint of the old room.

"We're out of beer. Let's go over to Folsom and have a drink, I can fill you in on some ideas I have for The Quarters. We bilet this pisshead stay here tonight. I'll bed him down when I get back. He can go to work from here in the morning."

Thank you, Sir," came almost as a whisper from the dark

Seemed like old times at The Quarters. 🛄

These pictures and text are from a forthcoming book titled. The Compound by Robert Payne. Because we do not have clearance or releases, all photography taken at The Quarters will have to be redone. If you were photographed there or wish to be a model for the shots we are doing of training at the Quarters' premises, write ROBERT PAYNE, c/o DRUMMER, 15 Harriet, San Francisco, CA 94103.



THE BIG ONE THIS YEAR WILL OCCUR ON FRIDAY, JUNE 24 FROM 900 UNTIL DAWN It e holders from all over the country will converge on San Francisco to compete for the MR DRUMMER '83 title. The winners will receive almost \$10,000 in prizes, including an all-expense trip to OKTOBERFEST in Germany to represent all of us.

This event has outgrown our or ginal site and we are moving it to larger quarters for obvious reasons. Takets are limited so we are offering a direct-mail service this far ahead. The prices are moderate.

The happening will mark DRUMMER's eighth anniversary and will kick off Gay Pride Weekend in San Francisco. Both are events not to be missed

We certainly promise you a show and a night to remember!

## TROCADERO/ TRANSFER

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## THE LEATHER FRATERN TY

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Quick Send me tickets to your MR DRUMMER party and \$15 per ticket

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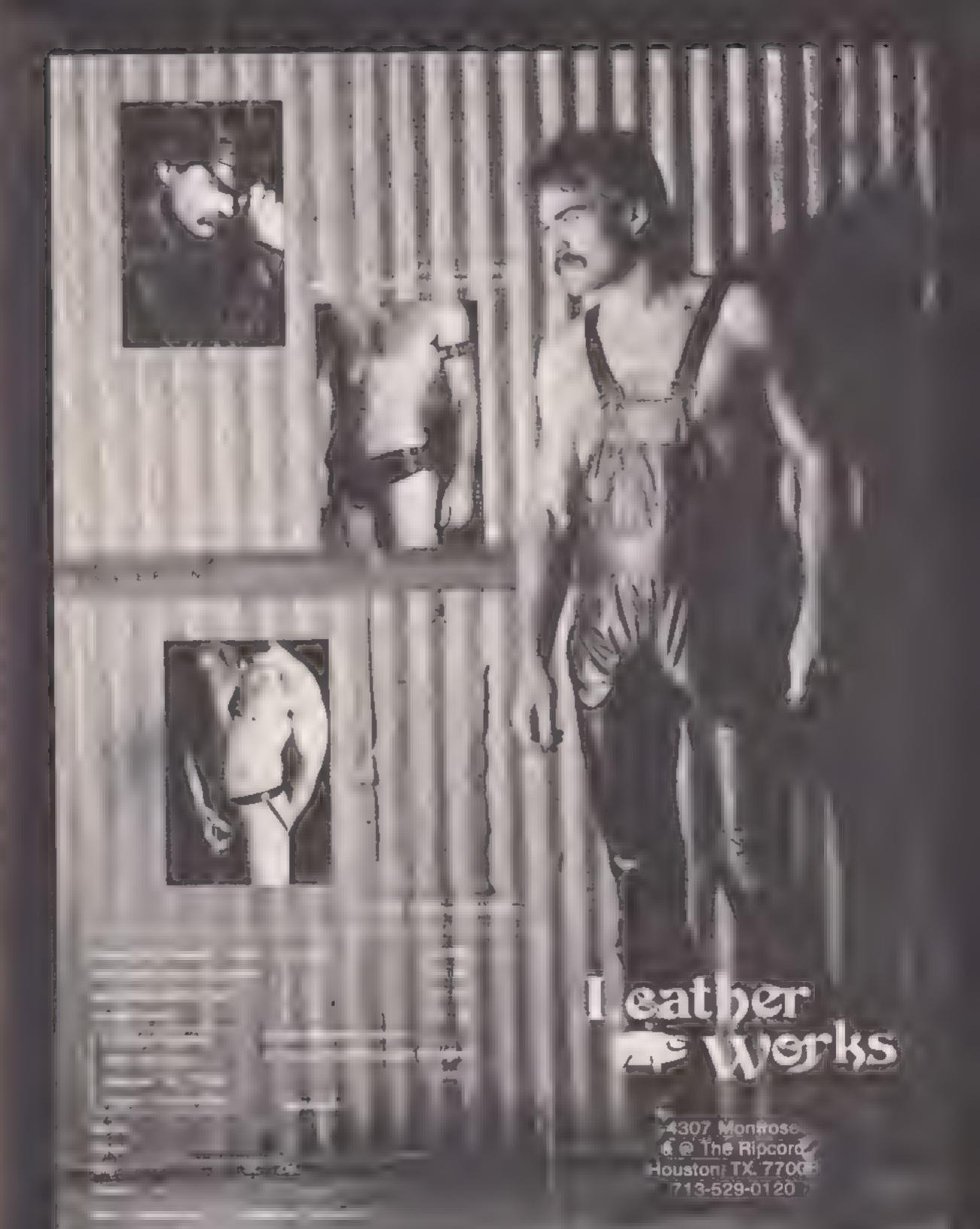
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## CHASTIY DEVICES.



THE CRUSADERS HAD A GREAT IDEA, TO KEEP THEIR WOMEN PURE WHILE THEY WERE OTHERWISE OCCUPIED. BUT WHAT ABOUT THE MEN? JIM STEWART OF FETTERS TELLS US WHILE LEO SHOWS US—



## FIRST THOUGHTS (1980)

The situation of a woman locked into an indestructible crotch cover to protect her from sexual assault or to prevent promiscuity while her husband was off on a Crusade has featured in romantic fiction for hundreds of years. Today this idea of enforced fidelity (of one or both partners) seems to have a special appeal in our permissive society. To surrender such very personal freedom (either willingly or under threat) certainly adds zest to a relationship already based on the balance of power, Whether as punishment, a symbol of domination, or a sign of mutual commitment, such an activity takes any relationship to a different level. For both partners to accept limitation of access to their own bodies when apart can create even more dramatic s tuat ons. To be left alone at home, or to be out-and-about at work or in social situations, while locked into a restraint of this very personal nature, is a constant reminder of dependency that can create hours of highly stimulating sexual excitement

But what is a chastity device? The traditional medieval type of T-shaped metal girdle is what most people imagine: something rigid, rusting and clanking with padlocks, Many museums display a metal construction of disblous origins and even more questionable efficiency as "chastity belts." Historically, the aim seems to have been to ensure that a woman would not become pregnant during her husbands absence, thereby safeguarding the line of succession. Alternatively, it was to preserve a daughter's virginity to protect her marriage prospects. However the T-shape (a lockable waistbelt fixed to a front and back crotch strapt would trustrate attempted intercourse rather than insure against it, and leave both sodomy and masturbation as alternative. options

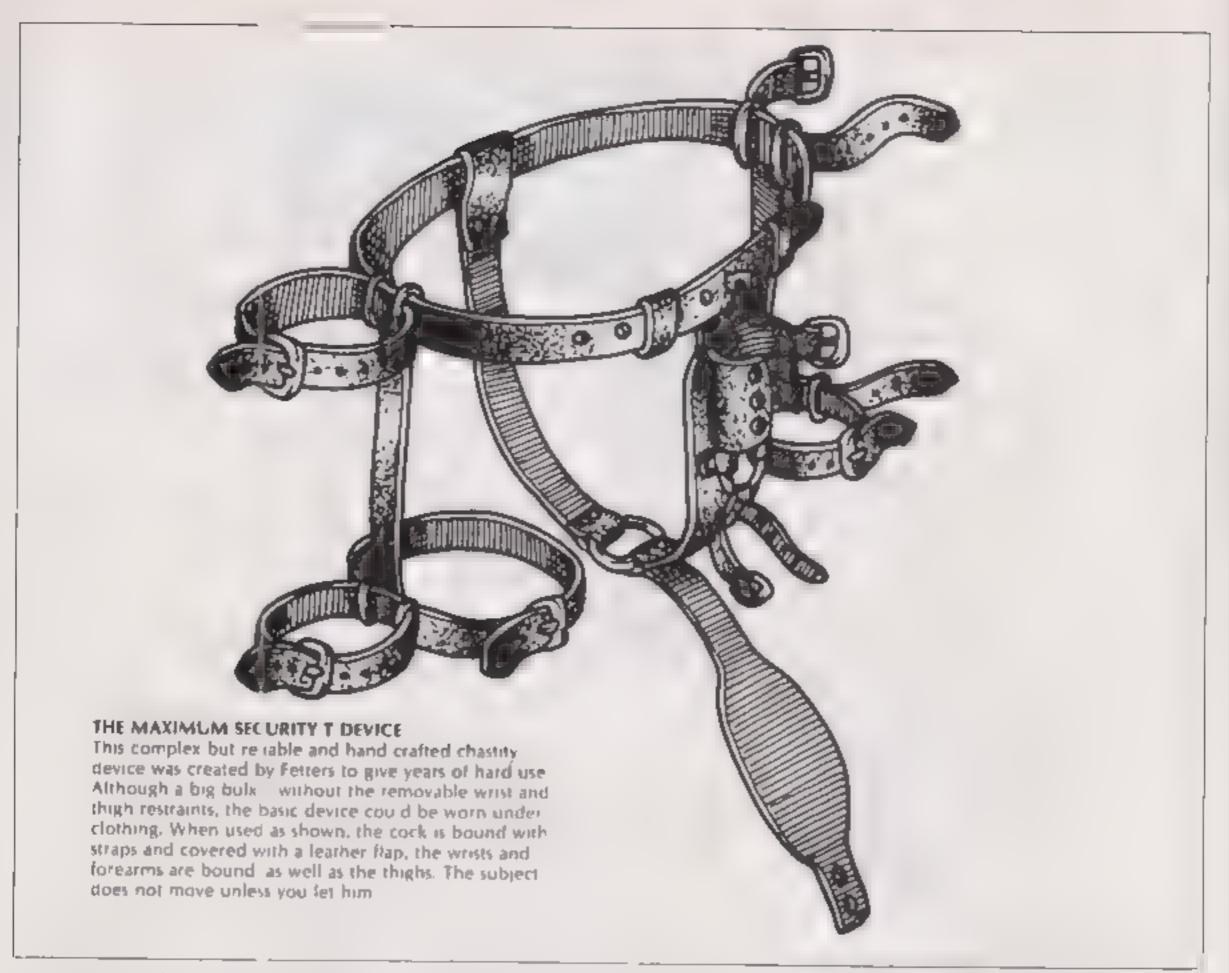
To totally prevent sexual enjoyment or arousal in any form is a very different ballgame, particularly when the subject is male. Anyone who has experimented with any form of cock bondage has encountered the problems of variability. Something which is comfortably restricting can suddenly become agonizingly tight! The physical and social problems are numerous. Cock

locks, sheaths, solid jocks and the like all have their advantages and I mitations. Add to this the wide range of personal preferences for visual and dramatic effects and the wide range of possible ties becomes mind-bogging.

## A CLOSER LOOK (1983)

I started considering chastity devices a tew years ago. Since then there is been a lot of sweat tears and occasional blood spilt in the cause of experimenting with different concepts of the chastity device. My workshop (fetters) is littered with aborted contraptions. Despite the seeming impossibility of the chore, there are men and women around the world who are regularly locking into solid realizations of their fantasymentorized chastity. For many people chastity devices are the ultimate symbologia partner's dominance or surrender.

Making any fantasy into a reality can be a risky business. Most of our potent jerkoff symbols have vague areas. To achieve the reality of the masturbatory image means bringing the dream into sharper locus. The hard edges of reality would make most of our torture, punishment, or imprisonment fantasies



into erable. Such a fantasy might be destroyed for all time if the actuality of it turned even the slightest bit sour. The people I have made bondage devices for in the past—the solid steel reality of manacles or the unyielding canvas and leather straps of a straightfacket—quickly tearned that reality necessitated a completely different set of erotic daydreams. The point being that facing up to the difference between reality and pure fantasy should begin in the planning stages, when you are actually going to make or buy such devices.

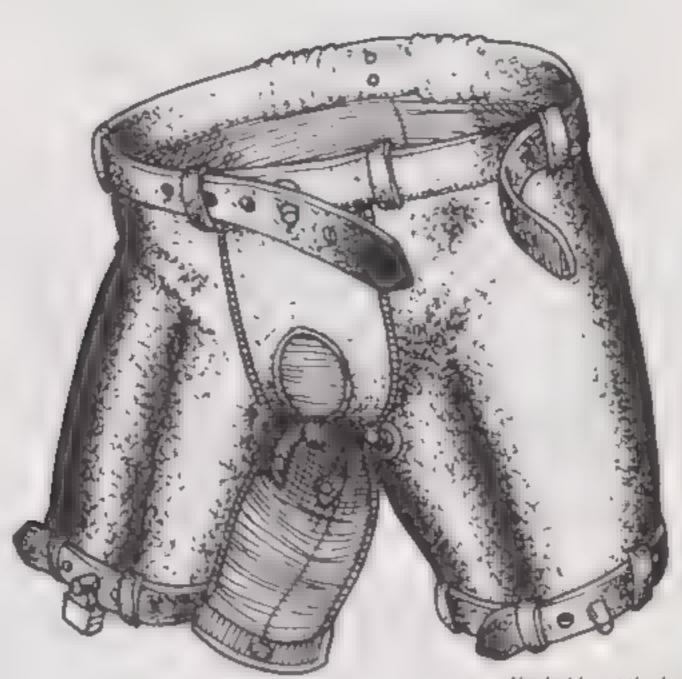
Bringing a fantasy to life can be as complicated as composing a symphony The general sweep of the score can be decided easily, the dramatic style probably a ready defined, but before it becomes music, the practical details have to be decided upon one by onethey cannot just be skimmed over. A checklist is often the best way to make sure no essential element gets left out of the scene. Writing up such a list shouldn't be a chore. Whether it's done n partnership or in secret, checking over the specifics can give hours of stimu ating speculation, it's not only worth the effort, it's rewarding in itself

A chastity belt check list might start with one of these questions. What does it look like? What is it made of? What is it supposed to do?

How practical is the fantasy of being welded permanently into a cast-iron jock strap if in reality you can't even sit down without getting a hernia? The visual image may be one of the main turnons. Should it involve something metal and even vaguely medieval, or be like a victorian surgical corset, all horsehide and rivets, or a shining modern high-tech stainless steel?

Remember, if abrasions are allowed to develop, pleasure can be denied to all concerned while the wearer is at the doctor. Any device intended for actual use (even for short periods of time) must be used with consideration for the wearer's physical safety. The choice of material, although perhaps essential to offer the desired dramatic effect, must be weighed against those factors Exactly what the device is supposed to do or to prevent may be clear in your mend, but the range of technical options open to you may not, so exercise your imagination. You should consider experimenting with improvised verdesign. This way you can discover what does of doesn't work for you

The degree of security is another reality to be faced. A totally indestructable mpregnable device is virtually impossible in this day and age. Given access to a hacksaw, a pair of bolt cutters, or a friendly locksmith, no determined victim need feat remaining imprisoned Exactly how secure need the device you have in mind be? Threat alone is often enough to keep a victim wearing even the most uncomfortable device. Additional restraints such as mitts and handcuffs can sometimes reduce the number of locks needed on the chastity device itself. Of course, if hands are free and still the device can't be removed without destroying it, the scene is intensfied 50 face the facts, leather straps can be cut, inexpensive locks can be picked. metal-reinforced leather or top quality padlocks add considerably to the cost Locks at every fixing point may make opening and closing the device a very complicated process. While this can be an enjoyable part of your scene, it can also be a downright irritation. I deliberately refer to all SM activity as a game.



CHASTITY SHORTS

The holder of the keys decides when the weater of these leather shorts, which were designed at fetters takes a piss, or anything else. An elasticized waist and a covering built in belt buckle mixes sore no halids go down into the shorts. Buckles on the thighs keep hands from creeping upward. The front hap buckles in place and that sithat for the weater come hell or high water.

Although it can be as tough demanding and as painful as ice hockey or boxing, it it ceases to be a game, the dangers become legion

However high or low the security factors are on your list, the situation should never arise that a chastity device is causing so much pain or physical damage that the wearer feels compelled to remove it at any price

## HOW LONG, OH LORD, HOW LONG?

Time is another very practical aspect when choosing a device because toiler functions have to be considered if the device is to be worn for periods of over five hours, particularly if the keyholder is not immediately available.

With the traditional T design, both toilet functions are possible, though really quite messy. A totally efficient design (particularly if a buttiplug is used) can make such body functions impossible for periods of over tive hours without relief, people with experience of bondage for unspecified times can usually devise their own solutions. Control through diet, enemas, or day/ night urinal bags allow for most situations. A recycling hose, from the cock to the mouth.

can be incorporated to relieve the bladder, but such a hose must be worked into the overall device

Everything in erotic bondage, includng chastity devices, is a matter of degrees. Denying a partner access to his own body for a day is very different from the victim spending a night locked into the same device. Wearing a "handicap in the privacy of the home is very different from being escorted around a leather bar with it locked on. And being taken around with the device hidden. beneath clothing is totally unlike being in public with all the locks exposed to view. All a matter of degrees. Forcing someone to go off to their place of employment unable to piss can give both players a day of intense tension. but for two gamesmen to mutually agree to spend their time apart both locked into devices with the keys held by the opposite partner is something else again

The range of different designs avaitable in many leather stores is considerable, but in most instances the degree of efficiency will depend upon a good fit Most standard cock and ball toys either lit or they don't. There are no half mea-

sures. There are people who can't get them on while there are others who tand they constantly fall off. Adjustability in a lockable chastity device is usually guite imited. Accurate measurements are particularly important if ordering one by mail.

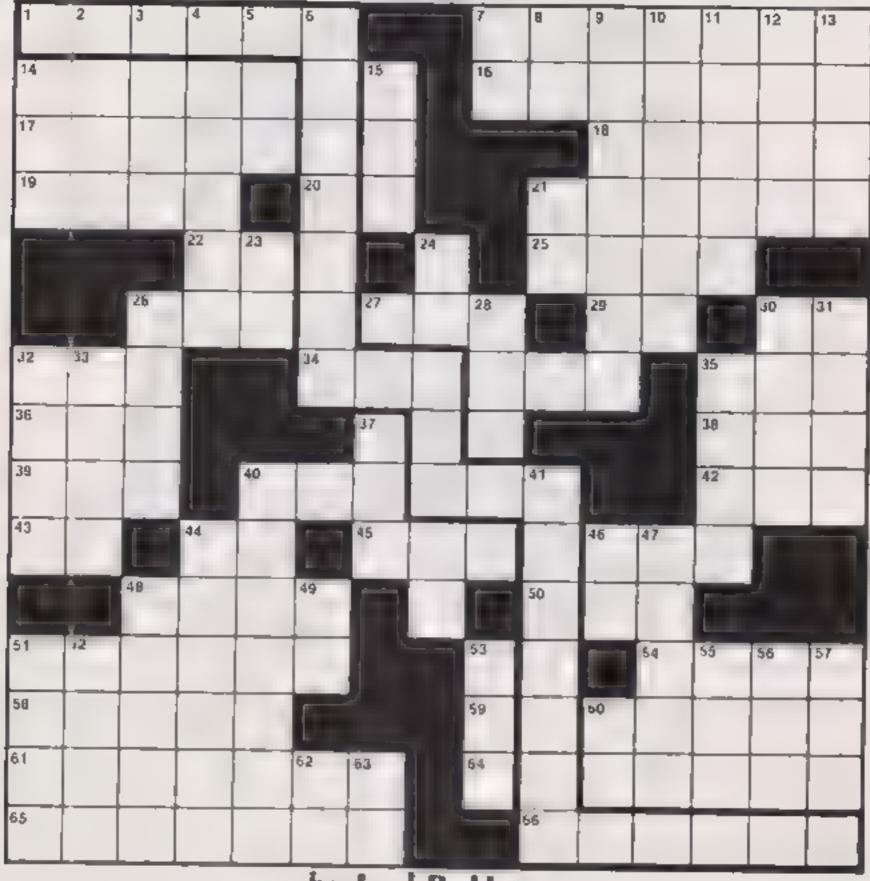
Safety factors deserve more space than is available here. Because so much in SM is a matter of personal taste (anti-degrees), it should be enough to say Take (are).

Most chastity devices need to fit tightly around the cock and bails and when locked on, the cock and balls may be out of view Even temporary interruption of blood circulation to the gentals is potentially dangerous, and the danger signals are usually seen rather than felt. You can minimalize this danger with both cautious and concerned experimentation. Monitoring the effects of what's going on inside a metal jock box or behind a laced-up. strapped-down, butt-plugged horsehide where everything is invisible, is the responsibility of the top. The safety of all 5M equipment is, generally speaking, in the hands of the users rather than those of the designer, maker or supplier.

DOUMSTICKS

## MASTER BAIT

(Answers on page 65)



## by Joel R. Hess

## **ACROSS**

- Master's message (inside black outlines)
- 7. America's Macho mag
- 14 Himalayan peak
- 16. Rescends
- 17 Bevelted
- 18. Anglican VIP
- 19 Home of 32-D
- 20 Einsteinium symbo
- 21. Forty winks
- 25. Rank's partner
- 26. Frame
- 29 Compass pt.
- 30. College degree for mother?
- 32. Baseball bat material
- 34. Bud container?
- 35 Raunchy one
- 36. Coroner's abbr.
- 37. Ms. Hagen
- 38. Wrath
- 39. Electrical unit
- 40. Billiards shots
- 42. Observe
- 43 Writer of the message?
- 44 Sigh of relief
- 45. Hangs down
- 48. Greek letters

- 50. Aural organ
- 51. Noxious vapor
- 53. What 1-A is
- 54. Existence
- 58. Up \_\_\_\_\_ (in difficulty)
- 59. Fruits, e.g.
- 61. Saddle attachment
- 64. Thief
- 65. Burton and Taylor, at one time
- 66. See 1-A

## DOWN

- 1. Red pigment
- 2 Roman poet
- 3. Sits on the cou-
- 4 Coat or mouth
- 5. Poetic preposition
- See 1-A
- 7. M.D.
- 8 Note above do
- 9. Elevate
- 10. Character
- 11. WWII river
- 12. Ancient Greek city
- 13. What writer of 1-A wants you to do
- 15, Six-pointers
- 21. Baseball pos.

- 23. Site of The Stud and Griff's
- 24. Duplicated
- 26. Fellow in leather leggings?
- 27. Deaf in France
- 28. What's between you and a Drumbeat contact
- 30. Muck
- 31. A Death in the Family author
- 32. Top man?
- 33. Undetermined quantity
- 35. Master's nectar
- 40 Illusion
- 41. See 1-A
- 44. Aver
- 46. U.S. continent
- 47. Earth-removal machine
- 48. City on the Seine
- 49. Hemispheric Partner of 46-D
- 51. Not Fem.
- 52. Sock \_\_\_\_\_ me
- 53 Police alert
- 55. Lesbian novel
- 56. Stave's dinner
- 57. Poetic adverbs
- 60. Globe
- 62. Abraham's birthplace
- 63 Letter addendum

## by Larry Townsend

Six months ago my son Ron came back to Los Angeles to live with me. While that may seem to be a statement of no earth-shaking importance, his arrival greatly changed the lives of several people, including myself. Ron had lived with his mother since our divorce, and because she had moved back to the east coast, I had all but lost contact with my son... and with both of my younger children. There had been Christmas cards, an occasional note when one of the kids was in summer camp, but I hadn't seen Ron since he was fifteen. Now he had completed two years of college, and wanted to finish up at USC. I had agreed to help him out, and part of that agreement had been my less-than-enthusiastic invitation suggesting that he stay with me

The reasons for my reservations were complex. First was the natural desire for my own independence, although I had no great fears that Ron's presence would disrupt any specific activity. At forty-one I was not as troubled as I might have been a few years for the complex I had been very much of a switchhitter. Since separating from my wife, my sexual activities had been exclusively with other men. At the moment, however, there was no particular guy I was seeing. With my son in the house, there wasn't going to be, nor did this make any great deal of difference. It was my social life I wondered about. All of my Inends were gay men. Well, somehow, Ron was going to have to accept them.

More disturbing was the prospect of renewed contacts with Janice, my ex-wife. With our son under my roof, I knew she would make frequent phone calls— might even find some excuse for a visit. She was aware of my sexual proclivities— a major cause, in fact, for our original separation. What she had never discovered was the budding sexual interest that had existed between our eldest son and me. This had never been blatant, never mentioned in so many words, never openly acted upon. Yet the feelings were there. I recognized it, and I was sure that Ron had, too. It had frightened me on the few occasions when we came close to a physical situation where feelings would have to have been acknowledged. But at each of those times, I had always managed to side-step the issue.

Now, my son was returning to me as a man. I wondered if he had outgrown his childish fasc nation. More to the point, had I gotten over my own? After hanging up the phone, following my assent to his coming. I sat smoking in the darkened living room for a long time, my mind recalling the series of sexually charged incidents that now formed the basis for my concern. The earliest—at least the earliest I could consciously remember—had happened when Ron was about thirteen. There had been a storm with heavy rains and wind. A tree limb had crashed through his bedroom window in the middle of the night. After doing what we could to keep more water from blowing in, Janice and I had taken Ron back with us, to our king-size bed. He had been between us, lying, motionless on his back until Janice had fallen asleep.

I can only guess at the thoughts passing through Ron's mind, but I knew how disturbing his presence was to me In an attempt to avoid any physical contact. I lay face up, with my hands beneath my head I slept in just pajama bottoms in those days, so after a while the chill in the room forced me to slide my arms back under the covers. I was just dozing off when I felt Ron turn onto his side, pressing his body down the length of mine, one arm landing across my naked chest. He seemed to be asleep, and his action completely innocent. However, he had trapped my tett arm under him, extended down my side, so that his crotch

was pressed onto the palm of my hand. Whether by accident or design, his pajama pants were unfastened, the fly spread open, allowing his pubescent genitals to be naked against my palm. I could feel him start to grow erect, and froze in horror as I realized that I was getting hard as well. Groaning as if in sleep, I turned onto my side, away from him, forcing my own erection down against the mattress.

I lay awake for the better part of an hour. Ron's slender, adolescent body against my back, his fully erect penis pressed onto my thigh. When I finally fell asleep, it was a slight slumber, and I came half-awake several times to feel my son's warmth still spread across me. In the morning he was up ahead of us, and had left the room before Janice stirred. Since I usually get up with a hard-on, she didn't detect anything that seemed out of the ordinary, and the incident passed unnoticed.

Although there were several minor instances of sexual awareness—Ron sitting next to me in the car, with Janice or one of the other kids on his other side, his thigh pressed too tightly against mine, or an overlong glance in the bathroom when one or the other of us was naked— there was no really tangible incident until the end of the following summer.

I had never been a very stern disciplinarian with any of my kids, but there were a few transgressions that called for a trip to the basement and the use of my belt against the culprit's butt. Ron had committed one of these "family felonies" by going to the beach with some of his friends during a red tide, against his mother's specific prohibition. When I escorted him down the stairs, he had gone along quietly, dropping his shorts and Levi's without my having to instruct him, and leaning on the stock of builded magazines which had become the regular, if seldom used, punishment dock. In doing this, he had displayed an attitude of arrogance, almost defiance. His whole posture seemed to say. "You've got me: I'm in your power, but you're playing my game, and I'm going to win."

I gave him a half dozen strokes with my belt, tempering the force, but striking him harder than I ever had before— an involuntary response, I suppose to my own perception of his attitude I left a pattern of red lines across the untanned portion of his ass, but he never cried out or sobbed. Instead, he emitted a series of soft, moaning sighs, and remained in position for half a minute of so after I had finished. When he stood up, he deliberately turned to face me, looking me straight in the eye as he pulled up his jeans and jockey shorts. There was a half grin on his ups, as if he were aware of the surge I felt in my balls. Nor did he make any attempt to conceal the formidable erection poking out through the flaps of his shirt tails. He merely pulled the shorts over his penis, forcing it to he upward against his belly as he finished dressing himself.

Almost in a panic, I slid my belt back around my waist and headed for the stairs, leaving him atone to finish arranging his clothes. Not a word had been spoken, but there had been a decided communication. If it was a game Ron had won, although he had done nothing of an overt nature that I could use to justify any further punishment. Neither did I feel competent to enter into some discussion with him later. Yet it had been a physical statement on his part, something I did not understand, something which frightened me

Ron was sexually mature by this time, although his body was still growing and developing. But his genitals were fully mansized, alreay a darker color than the rest of his skin and surmounted by a thick mat of dark blond hair. Several times when I saw him entering or emerging from the shower I felt a surge of pride in his appearance, glad that I had forbidden the routine

circumcision at the time of his birth. But I felt something more than that, and it was beginning to disturb me... this inability to stifle the sexual excitement occasioned by the sight of my own son's body.

The last and most telling experience came only a few weeks before Janice and I decided to call it quits. I came home early from work one Wednesday. I was an engineer, supervising a large construction project, and the damned plumbers had staged a wildcat strike. We had been forced to stop all operations. Janice was working in a real estate office, and the two younger kids were in a day care center until she picked them up on her way home. Ron, I assumed, would be at school, working

I pulled into the driveway and hit the remote control button to open the garage door. I started to drive inside as it swung up and out of my way, when I saw Ron. Without thinking about it, I hit the brakes and sat staring in disbelief. My son's blue-green eyes stared back at me, an expression of shocked surprise on his face. He was naked, except for a pair of scarred old boots on his feet. A web of ropes surrounded his body, enclosing his legs and torso, wrapping about his neck to fasten onto a beam in the ceiling, another intricately encasing his genitals and secured to another overhead a couple of yards ahead of him. His hands were free— he had obviously been jacking off and must have ejaculated a moment before I hit the control button. A puddle of semen lay cooling between his feet, while a long strand

My first impulse was to get out of the car and set him loose, but that would have been pointless, since he undoubtedly could free himself. Nor was there anything I could really say to him. Instead, I slipped the car into reverse, backed out into the drive, and bit the button again to close the door. I then went into the house without saying anything to him. But my own response had been immediate and even more disturbing than the sight of my son in his net of self-bondage. My cock was projecting like a tightly wound spring down my left thigh, and my pulse was

thudding against either side of my head

I did not see Ron again before dinner, and although I expected him to act a little sheepish when we did come face to face, his demeanor was almost superior, as if he were aware of the reaction he had caused in me. He looked at me without flinching as we sat across from each other, and he carried on his usual bantering conversation with his younger brother and sister. We never discussed the incident, nor did I ever mention it to lance. Things were already at the breaking point between us, so our conversations were strained at best. How much Ron might have known or guessed about my own extra-marital activites I have no way to surmise, but he seemed perfectly unruffled in his day to day relationship with me. He was a cocky kid anyway, a leader among his mates, and outwardly more aggressive than I had ever been. With his starting good looks and flashing white teeth, he could charm the devil with a smile

I knew I should say something to him, offer some sort of comment, but I was at a complete loss. I felt I was failing him, but tried to persuade myself that this was merely another bit of bizarre sexual behavior one might expect from time to time among our nation's overly sophisticated youth. It came almost as a feeling of relief when Janice decided to move across the country. It did, at least for the moment, relieve me of the immediate responsibility for Ron's guidance, since all three kids went with her

But my family's departure did not relieve me of the residual effects, resulting from that momentary sight of Ron hanging and bound in the garage. That tableau became a familiar—admittedly favorite—mental photograph. I could not suppress its recall, nor could I suppress the inevitable sexual excitement that accompanied it. I could see his slender, exquisitely defined body, encased in the bands of white clothesline... those which held his ankles together... more rope wound around his neck, contrasting sharply against the deep tan of his skin, before continuing upward to be secured at the dusty beams. The final binding had been the loops around his sac, stretching it and

forcing his balls to appear as a shiny red globe at the base. A pair of ropes had led off from his genitals, anchored to some nebulous objects my mind had failed to record. His long, thick fingers had stroked his cock, pulling back the loose foreskin to reveal the gleaming head, pulling slowly forward to hide the straining crown beneath its velvet cover.

With Janice gone, I spent many lonely nights in the big bed we had shared for so many years. But my thoughts were seldom of her, it was the image of my son that flooded my senses, it was his face and body I saw as I tossed about trying to sleep, trying to ignore the frantic craving in my nuts. More often than not I would relieve the pressure by surrendering to my own lust, by lying on my back and stroking myself to a climax. Although it was my son's image I could see etched upon the darkness of the room, there was also a certain narcissism in my increasingly frequent masturbation sessions. I was twenty-one years older than he was, but my work as an engineer and surveyor had required a great deal of hiking and climbing over the hilly country where my company planned its buildings and subdivisions. Also, I had gone regularly to the gym— not only to work out, but to permit the contacts I craved with other men.

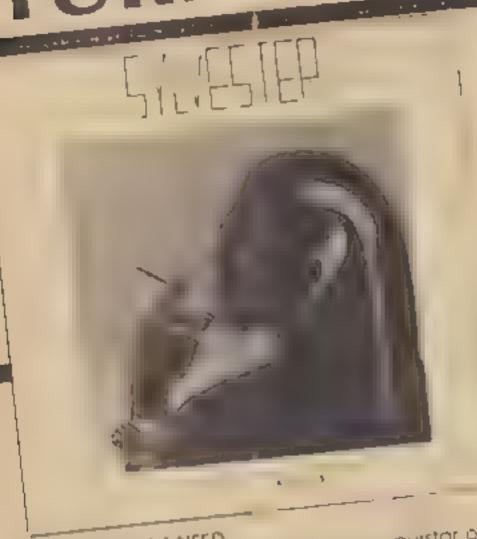
I was hairier than Ron, but my coloring was the same light brownish-blond and I was proportionately not much heavier. Thus it was easy to substitute my own body for his in the mental image that formed the core of my masturbatory fantasy. I could feel the same ropes wrapped around my legs and throat, the same warm coils forcing my bails into deep distention. One night, after fighting the urge for over an hour, I slipped out of bed and out the back door. Naked, I crossed the few feet between the house and garage. I found the same old pair of boots in the corner, slipped them on my feet, and used the ropes to bind myself into the exact same posture where I had surprised my son. I felt the same sensual pressure he must have felt as the ropes pulled against my nuts, and the coils about my neck forced me to stand straight and restricted any tendency to bend and watch as my own fingers slid across the spring-steel hardness of my cock, manipulated the tingling sensations as I felt the loose skin fold about the head, then retreat as I slid it back

In this moment of glorious depravity I seemed to merge my being with his, to become the living counterpart of the image my mind refused to obliterate. I wanted to come so desperately it was all I could do to restrain the impulse to force my hand into a slow, steady rhythm, teasing the sensual fust almost to its boiling point, then backing off and forcing the tide to recede, to fall back and await my command to rise again. I could feel the frenzied pull at my balls as the sperm tried to burst free, and a stabbing pain shot up my side as a result of the tightly restrictive bonds.

Finally, when my legs were trembling with excitement and my body was so debilitated with desire that I could hardly maintain my upright posture, I allowed the flood to possess me. Fighting its way through the tightly restricted vessels, a frothy discharge welled up from my guts and burst free, seeming to tear against the wall of my swollen cock in its frantic rush. I stiffened, gasping and trying to stifle a scream of anguished pleasure as I shot in arching spurts, discharging the whole great glob of shame-filled, guilt-ridden excitement.

This terrible possession had gradually weakened with time, although it had never completely dissipated. Over the intervening five years I had thought about Ron, trying to imagine how he must have changed, wondering how much taller he might have grown. The few notes and snapshots the kids sent me were not very revealing, and the only communication I had with Janice was the one-sided dispatch of her monthly check. I had engaged in a number of affairs with different men during this period, a couple of them fairly serious and extended. But I had always been afraid of the bars, and very turned off by the "leather image," thus depriving myself of any opportunity I might have found to engage in the type of sex my son had forced me to want. And I did want it. It was a fact I could no longer deny, and now the prospect of his return was causing me to face the dilemma I had previously been able to shove into its own conve-

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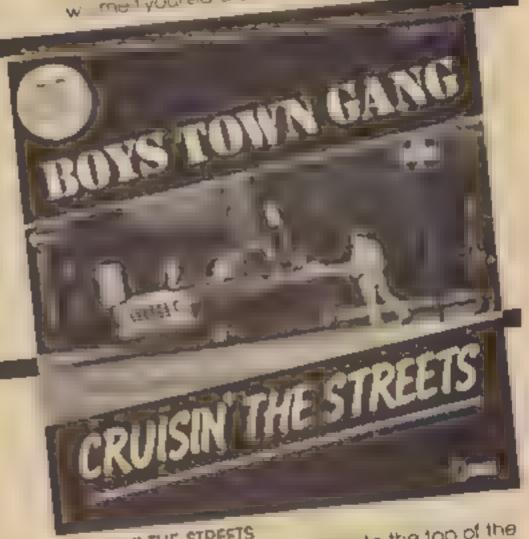


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nient pidgeonhole. As badly as I wanted him back, my fear of the possible consequences was almost overwhelming.

The night before I was to pick him up at the airport, sleep was an absolute impossibility. I was feverish with a mixture of fear and desire. I recognized the symptoms early on and jacked off in an attempt to relieve the tension. But I still could not fall asteep, and less than an hour later I was not only tossing and twisting the sheets around my legs, I was so hard and desperately in need of release I might as well have never touched myself. Then something seemed to give way, like a lock suddenly snapped open, or a window shade released to permit the light to pour into a darkened room.

To hell with convention! Fuck the righteous hypocrites! I muttered If my son and I wanted to get it on together in our own home who would know or care? And if bondage were a part of it, what difference did that make? It would still be an exchange just between us... between a father and his son

Ron had been home for a week, and my fantasies were farther from fulfillment than ever. He had emerged from the airport baggage pick-up, beaming and dropping his pair of suitcases to rush into my arms. But other than this brief, public display of filial devotion, there had been no physical contact between as I was alraid to initiate even a conversation that might betray my interest without some him of reciprocal desire on his part. Like Professor Humbert, I could only sit by and watch while the object of my misdirected desire went enthusiastically about his seemingly endless series of tasks. He would get up in the morning after I had showered and dressed, sometimes racing about the house in his jockey shorts, grabbing a cup of coffee from the kitchen counter, then back to his room to finish dressing and get on his way to the university or the endless series of interviews. and tests necessary for his enrol ment. Although he seemed genumely happy to be with me, there was not a suggestion of sexual interest

Maybe it had been just a juvenile "phase" I thought... the stage in a boy's development that psychologists are fond of recounting as explanation for the bizarre sexual appetites of youth. But the physical potential he had displayed as a boy was now manifest in the man. His body was magnificent, and his handsome features were only accentuated by the seemingly naive and friendly smile he always reserved for me. Even the slightly knowing grin I had thought I detected on his adolescent teatures was gone. Let's face it, you aging pederast, I told myself you've boxed yourself into an emotional corner and your Prince Charming is never going to come carry you away.

I gradually resolved to live with the reality of my situation however frustrating it might continue to be. During the several weeks prior to Ron's return, I had cut myself off from social contacts, and a couple of my friends—gay friends—had been cailing on the phone, expressing concern and wondering if I was all right. Since I had never even hinted at my sexual feelings toward Ron, they assumed I was upset that his presence was going to stiffe my ability to visit and receive guests. Well, that wasn't going to happen, a decided, so I invited two of my best build es for dinner the second Saturday after Ron's rich.

Although my guests seemed a bit restrained at the beginning of the evening, they soon settled into their usual routine. Gus was an older man whom I had met at the gym many years before. A lawyer in private practice, he was a bit on the elegant side, and he generally drank too much, But he always became "high rather than "drunk" and would always entertain his companions with a series of hilarious stories. Chuck was younger, in his mid-thirties and had been one of my steady sex partners a couple of years before. We had now become close triends. A regular at the gym, he had an exceptionally good build, and was something of a sexual athlete. The only remark he made regarding Ron, however, was during a brief moment when he caught me alone in the kitchen as he came in to retill his glass, "Hey Alan, your son is a real beauty!" he whispered to me

And you're a dirty old man," I replied

As for Ron, he responded with the same open friendliness I





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had come to expect from him. Although Gus made a few remarks that could have been taken either way, my son made no overt response to anything that was said. Still, it would have been difficult for him not to perceive the situation for what it was. If he did, though, he never let on. Even after our guests had left and he was helping me clean up, his only comment was that my friends had seemed like very nice guys. When I plugged in the dishwasher it was close to midnight, and Ron asked if he could borrow my pickup. "Want to see a bit of the town at night," he said

He was still out when I went to bed, about 3 AM, but he was home and asleep when I got up Sunday morning. I made a point not to ask where he had gone or what he had done, and the next week I bought him a late model Toyota. We were still living in the same house where he had grown up— a place we had originally rented, which was the only reason Janice had not taken it in the divorce settlement. I had since bought it, thus precluding an easy move into an area more convenient to Ron's school— or my office for that matter— and I wanted to make it easier for him to commute. He was surprised and overjoyed, hugging me in thanks, leaving me again to reflect on Lolita and her shamelessly degenerate pursuer

In September, when school started, we fell into a more regular routine, each of us in a hurry to get dressed and out in the morning. Although this resulted in numerous occasions for one of us to be naked in the other's presence, there was no apparent response or concern on Ron's part, although my own internal reactions to his impressive displays were always difficult to conceal. But I managed to control my external responses; or so I assumed, and still nothing was ever discussed or acted out

I was working on a large condominium development, not far from the house, so i sometimes came home for lunch or was able to break off early and arrive an hour or so earlier than usual in the evening. One afternoon I came home a little past noon, half expecting to find Ron, since it was friday, one of his short days. However, his Toyota wasn't parked in its usual place, so I assumed I was alone. I parked in front of the house because I would be leaving shortly, and went inside to make myself a sandwich. The kitchen was in front, overlooking the street, white the bedrooms were in the rear: mine downstairs, the others on the second floor. Thinking to call my office and check on any messages, I picked up the phone and was startled to hear Chuck's voice: "..., ready, Sir, and I'll wait until you get here."

Then Ron's voice: "And none of that shirtly electronic music this time."

"No, Sir. Strictly Mahler and Strauss."

"Okay, I'll see you at ten."

There was a slight pause, and I could hear the click as one receiver was replaced. Another pause, and Chuck's voice again' "Is that all, Sir? Ron?"

I realized he was waiting to be sure Ron hung up first, and I eased the plunger down on the wall phone. Then I braced myself against the sink, my heart pounding in my throat as I tried to fathom the full meaning of the few words I had heard. Without thinking. I tossed two slices of bread into the toaster and continued with my lunch routine while my mind struggled to comprehend exactly what was going on between my son and one of my best friends. I was still muddling through the construction of a sandwich I would never be able to taste when Ron appeared in the doorway.

"Oh, Dad," he exclaimed in surprise. "I didn't know you'd come home. I didn't hear the truck "

"1... parked in front," I told him. "Only have a few minutes. Where's the Toyota?"

"I left her up the street to get the oil changed," he responded lightly. "Um, tuna salad... looks good. Got enough for me?"

The rest of my afternoon was a gut-wrenching hell that I thought was never going to end. All the emotional confusion that had mired my existence before Ron's return from the East Coast now swelled into my consciousness and obliterated every other thought. On retrospect I realize how basic and simple all

of this reaction really was, although at the time I was not thinking clearly enough to see it at was good old-fashioned jealousy! I was responding like a betrayed husband, or lover, because nowhere in my previous fantasies had it ever occured to me that Ron's sexual fusts might be directed at another person. I was experiencing a sense of loss, and I was perceiving his behavior as an act of betrayal—both on his part and on the part of Chuck

Not really knowing what I was going to do, I muttered something about a meeting that evening and not being home for dinner

That's fine, Dad," he had replied airily. "I've got some things to do tonight myself.

At 5'30, when everyone knocked off at the project, I returned to my office. I had trapped myself, so I couldn't go home and there really wasn't anything else for me to do I might have gone to a bar, but I didn't feel like or nking. Instead, I sat at my desk, trying to think as the light faded outside and the room became gradually lost in shadow. I finally got into my pickup and drove to a bluff overlooking the ocean, where I sat and tried to convince myself that I really didn't care, that Ron was grown up now and had a right to his own self-determination, that I was reacting stapidly. Nothing succeeded in dellating this bubble of anxiety in my gut. While every Ic gical argument mitigated against it, I succumbed to the most irrational impulse of all and decided to drive by Chuck's house. I knew it was wrong, I knew it was stupid. But I simply coulon't help mysed.

Chuck lived in a fairly large old house on the edge of Hollywood, which had originally belonged to his parents, it had been rented out for a while after they retired and moved to the desert, but Chuck had taken possession of it three or four years before Although I had been there a number of times, especially during our short, torrid altair, I had never seen any physical evidence of his interest in SM or any other aspect of the activities his conversation with Ron had suggested. I knew that he had started going

to leather bars shortly after we had broken off our sexual traison, but I could not conceive of his being deeply involved in those games. Or was it just because of Ron, I wondered

I drove past the house. My son's car was in the driveway, pulled all the way up and half hidden in the shadow of an old tree that overhung the fence. The house looked dark and unoccupied, and for a moment I toyed with the forlorn hope they might have met at the house and gone out for something to eat, or to a bar. It was wishful thinking, no more than that I was past the lot, starting around the block, a lump like fear in my gut, but I was also aware of a deep, warm surge in my balls. There was an empty parking space just as I rounded the corner, back onto Chuck's street. Without thinking about it I pulled in, turned off the lights and engine. I spent a few minutes debating with myself, knowing I was going to approach the house, at least... probably listen outside like some frantic, distraught lover Beyond this I wasn't sure... something to make a damned fool of myself, I thought

I got out, closing the door quietly, and started down the sidewalk. I was still wearing my steel-tipped safety boots, so I clumped along the cracked concrete. Once considered a "better neighborhood," the area had declined significantly over the years. Many of the big old houses were now divided into smaller apartments or used as multiple family homes. I heard the Spanish language TV station blaring in one house as I passed. From another came the heavy cooking odors— cheese and chile. A woman shouted at her kilds, half in English, half in a language I didn't recognize. I reached the front of Chuck's lot, felt the terrible pressure in my gut increase, the tendrits of sexual excitement grip my losins.

I paused a moment on the sidewalk, staring at the house and straining to hear some sound. The street was fairly dark, with the trees blocking off the light from the lamp posts. Chuck's yard was in deep shadow, and I could barely see the outline of Ron's Toyota. I crossed the lawn, moved toward the driveway. Pulse



rasping in my throat, I passed between the house and the little car, jumped when a sharp creak sounded from the cooling engine. I was below the windows of Chuck's second floor bedroom. A dull glow showed tisrough a crack in the heavy draperies, but I heard nothing. I moved around a few feet farther, standing with my back to the detached garage, looking up at the darkened windows. A car swooshed by on the street and, as the sound faded in the distance. I caught a very faint suggestion of music. Rising suddenly in a wave of pulsing rhythm, falling below the threshhold of my hearing, rising again— unmistakable pattern of notes, a Mahler symphony seeming to waft upward from the ground.

I knew Chuck's house fairly well, allitough I had only been in the basement once, on a day when I helped him store some wood. There was a side entrance, leading directly to a flight of stairs, down to the celiar. I tried the knob..., locked. Remembering Chuck's custom in hiding his front door key, I reached up and felt along the frame above this entrance, found a key, and cracked open the door. I stood stock still, listening to the rushing pulse in my neck as I tried to summon the courage to open the door. I had absolutely no business being there; I was about to intrude on the privacy of my son and one of my best friends. All logic and decency required that I turn around and go home. But I couldn't help myself. I turned the knobland eased the door open.

A flood of sound seemed to engulf me, and I was aware of a dull amber glow from the lower level. This, as well as the music, seemed to come from the other side of the basement, although I did not have a clear view until I had descended halfway down the stairs. Several of the old boards creaked, but the symphony was loud enough to obliterate it. I could see a partition built across the width of the basement with a door in it that now stood ajar. Both sound and light came from the other side. I paused a moment to orient myself, noting the changes since my fast visit. The other room, I was sure, had not been there. Reflective, I supposed of a shift in Chuck's interests—a shift, certainly, since i had been visiting his bedroom.

I crossed the basement, becoming aware of sounds other than the music: a series of mulfiled moans, a muted voice— Ron's, I peaking softly and soothingly: "It's all right, man, all then a profesting moan, and a soft, evil laugh."

It is ositioned myself well back from the door, still more or less in shadow but where I could see partially into the room. I saw Ron, dressed in brack leather vest and chaps, standing over a ong, low table. Chuck was lving on this, stretched out with his hands secured to the surface above his head. He appeared to be completely naked except for a leather hood. However, I could not see his body much below the waist. Ron was holding a lighted candie, period cally apping it so that the red wax fell onto Chuck's skin. Each time he did this, a series of whimpering moans sounded from the tightly bound figure. Ron moved from one place to another on his subject's body, depositing the hot wax and continuing with his soothing reassurances as Chuck struggied against his bonds and sounded his protests into the mouthpiece of the hood.

I took a step back as Ron moved closer to the door, turning so that he was first in profile, then with his back toward me. His substantial cock arched outward, half-hard, so the crown poked through the foreskin. The sight of his slender build, with the weil-developed arms protrucing through the sides of his black vest, sent a shiver through my frame, and I realized that I was not only hard, but already running fluid onto the inside of my jeans I shifted my position sightly, trying for a better view of the table. I could just see Chuck's groin, where his thick, stubby cock lay upward against his belty, almost completely covered in a layer of wax. Blinded by the hood, he could not anticipate where the next drop would fail, so his whole body was tense, sweat glistening across the entire surface. Small mounds of wax were building on his nipples now, as Ron worked back and forth with his cand e

This was all pretty heady wine for me. I'd heard of such things, read a few stories about them, but I had bever been involved in

them or realized that I even knew anyone who was involved. I slipped farther back into the darker part of the basement, staggering almost as if I were drunk. My back pressed against the cool bricks of the wall, and I leaned against it for suport. The music reached a throbbing crescendo; Ron's body blocked most of the doorway, his back still toward me, the smooth rounded cheeks of his ass gleaming through the black leather of his chaps. He put the candle down and was doing something to Chuck: releasing him from the table, bringing him to his feet, and repositioning the hands behind his back. He pushed the table away and fastened a leather collar around the other's neck the spots of red wax showed clearly, even from my less-thanperfect vantage point, clinging like the breast covers on some Amazon warrior. His groin was coated even more deeply, giving him an almost desexualized appearance, because his cock had been plastered to his abdomen in an upright position. Now, either as a result of its own substantial weight or some fresh wave of arousal, the powerful tool broke forth, tearing a large chunk of wax loose from his body, part of it hanging down like the flap on a codpiece. His hard, thick tool projected rigidity outward, horizontal, almost in defiance as Ron secured the rest of his body into its immobile, standing position

Watching, I hardly dared to breathe, because the music had dropped to a barely audible volume, and with it I seemed to lose its concealing cloak. My whole body was trembling. My legs felt weak, I was covered with sweat. The only part of me that seemed to retain the strength to function was my dick, and it was pressing furiously down the side of my Levi's. My balls actually ached with an intensity that extended into my lower viscera. I heard Ron say something about taking off the wax, and saw him approach his prisoner with a small, braided whip. As he began to apply this lightly across the patches of clinging red, I could almost feel the impact on my own skin. My brain seemed to echo the moaning, the muted squeals of the victim, and a few times I actually twisted in imitation of Chuck's reponses to the pain. My left hand had been sliding along the length of my dick, pressing down on the denim to cause a greater flood of sensation. Now I flipped open the buttons on the fly and worked it loose, pulling my balls free as well

Ron was applying his whip to the patches of wax, flicking them loose in chunks, causing Chuck to writhe, trying to twist away from the stinging contact. At one point he turned completely around, giving Ron unobstructed access to his ass and back. Without seeming to pause in his rhythm, my son landed the braided leather hard across the solid, sweat-drenched cheeks, striking again before his victim had a chance to draw away. A pattern of bright, criss-cross lines showed against the whiteness of the skin, visible even to me as I stood across the basement, caressing the tip of my dick, sliding the foreskin back and forth over the head, fingering the moisture and rubbing it into the glans.

Although I certainly was not functioning in such a way as to consider my behavior or reactions on an intellectual level, I did realize— almost with a shock— that I was identifying or empathizing almost completely with Chuck. I was mentally placing myself in those bonds, and I was feeling rather than delivering those blows from the whip. I wasn't sure, however, whether this was due to my overpowering attraction for my own son, or whether my natural inclinations were leading me to seek the role of the masochist. Whatever the cause or underlying motivation, I was more turned on than I had ever been in my life, and it was all I could do not to intrude upon their scene.

As it was, I stayed back from the lighted opening, watching as Ron etched a skillfully executed design across his subject's well-muscled body. Chuck was jerking violently away from the stinging contacts, and his moans had become a frantic blubbering against the leather gag. Most of the wax was gone from his upper body, but several sizeable patches remained around the groin, Without warning Ron abruptly stopped the whipping, allowing his subject a few moments to catch his breath. But the respite was short-lived, only long enough for Ron to select a small, braided cat from the collection that must have hung on the wall,

just outside my field of vision. Returning with this, he started working on Chuck's cock and the skin surrounding it. The flecks of wax disappeared, while the tightly bound figure went through a fresh series of trantic twisting motions, turning away from his tormenter, only to have the whip impact across his back and ass. In the course of his movements, Ron had bumped the door so that it swung a bit wider, and the outline of light crept along the floor, closer to my booted feet. If he'd looked up he might well have seen me, although I was still standing in comparative shadow.

I watched him finish with the whipping and take Chuck down, bend him over the leather-covered table, and start playing with his ass. I had reached a point where I couldn't hold back any longer, and I shot my load in long, spurting arcs across the cement fjoor. It was a discharge tht seemed to last an eternity and to tug at the interior walls of my being, to relieve the pressure in my bass by a painful implosion. When it finally stopped, I leaned back against the wall, mitking the last of it from my cock, for a moment sanity returned and I must have blushed in the darkness at my audacity in coming here uninvited, spying on my son and our mutual friend. I was ashamed of myself and in the few moments it took me to stuff my dick back into my jeans, I made It to the foot of the stairs. I crept upward, trying not to cause the loose boards to creak, and slipped out the door. I relocked it and returned the key to its hiding place.

I stood outside for a few moments, trying to collect my wits, while the swell of music from downstairs rose up around me. Coming here had been utter madness and I had been fortunate not to have been seen. Smoothing my crotch down as best I could, I forced myself to assume a casual saunter back toward my pickup. As I came out on the sidewalk, talmost collided with an elderly man walking a small mongrel. The dog yapped at me and the man drew away as if in fear. Then we passed and I

continued on my way to the truck.

There was, of course, no way I could shake the images I had seen from my mind. The picture of Chuck, bound and helpless, and Ron more naked than naked in his leather yest and chaps long thick cock projecting through the opening, working with the whips and lighted candle. It was making me hard all over again, and I badly wanted to return. More than this, now that I had shot my load and returned to a more rational mental state, I tound myself comparing my physical attributes with Ron's, taking a perverse delight in the realization that we really were very much alike, same general body build, same height and close to the same weight, same coloring (although my skin had coarsened a bit with age and my beard was heavier), hair line a bit higher with a few strands of gray. But I was still almost as firm through the ass and waist as he was, and only a shade thicker. His cock was possibly a fraction longer than mine, but his balls were not quite as large. As I drove back to my own house, I filled the final minutes with a wild fantasy of holding our genital endowments side by side, comparing them, allowing them to expand and harden in unison

All of this was making me hard all over again and I badly wanted to return, to spin the truck about and drive back to Chuck's. Instead, I pulled into my own driveway and took a long, hot shower, jacked off to these mentally recreated images; me standing in that dungeon with Ron's hands cuffed behind his back, the hood over his head, his body exposed and vulnerable to my explorations, receiving the punishment he deserved for

putting me through this frantic turmoil.

I lay on my bed with the lights off, still too warm to slip under the covers. I tried to sleep but couldn't. Instead I stared at the darkened ceiling where the scene I had witnessed kept replaying itself, and my cock responded as if I had not come for a week. I was lying there, gently playing with myself when I heard Ron come home. He came in quietly, spent a few minutes in the bathroom, then padded on bare feet into his own bedroom. I must have fain awake for another hour or so before I finally fell asleep, still lying on top of the covers.

In the morning I was up before Ron. I made a pot of coffee and sat drinking it while I tried to read the newspaper. The lines

blufted before my eyes, and my mind kept casting back to the night before. All I could see were Ron's big dick and balls hanging out through those leather chaps. These obsessive thoughts kept running through my mind until I realized that I really did not want to face him in the flesh, at least not then What I really needed was to talk to someone, to try to explore some of my feelings and to try reaching some sort of mental equilibrium.

Without reasoning it out any further than this, I went out to my truck and drove away. At least I was spared having to face my son's bright, innocent greeting. Still without giving it much thought, I headed toward Hollywood. I was halt-way there when it occurred to me that Chuck was the logical one to talk it over with. I wouldn't tell him that I had crept into his house to watch him getting his ass whipped the night before, but I could pretty well tell him all the rest, even admit that I'd accidentally picked up on their phone conversation if that was necessary for him to discuss the situation with me. I was not angry or even annoyed with him for getting it on with my son. I'd make that abundantly clear to him from the start. But if he was involved as I knew he was, and if he was really my friend as I felt he was, then he might help me to resolve the problem in my own mind, if no other way.

I pulled up to the curb a few doors from Chuck's house and walked across the lawn to his front entrance. It was already after noon, so I did not feel it likely that I would be waking him. He had always been an early riser; I was more apt to find he had gone out. There was no answer to my ring, even after several tries, so I started slowly back to my pickup, not certain where I should go next. But as I crossed his driveway, I noticed that his garage door was partially raised. Because his was an old house. with a small garage, he always had to park this way, because the door would not close completely behind his big Buick. I walked back to get a better look and saw that his car was indeed in the garage. As I stood there stroking my chin and wondering where he might be, I became aware of music drifting up from the tion in the CELL I the ught. We thingshe he sid own there's ears ing up after last night's episode, I told myself. Absently I tried the door knob, expecting it still to be locked. Instead the door opened to my touch

I leaned into the aperture and called: "Chuck? Chuck, are you down there?"

I got no answer, only the rising swell of music, the same as I had heard a few hours before. I went down a couple of steps and called again. Still no answer. I went all the way to the bottom, thinking to myself that if I found him in his dungeon it might make an even better opening to start the line of conversation I wished to have with him. But as I stood on the basement floor, not far from the spot where I had shot my load the night before, there was still no answer. The dungeon door was only slightly ajar, but I could see the same dult light seeping out.

Expecting to find the room empty, I crossed the few feet of basement and pushed the door open. Instead, I froze in horrified dismay, almost blinded by a sudden rush of blood to my brain. There, hanging from the same neck chain I had seen my son place upon him, was Chuck—obviously dead, his wrists cuffed together in front of him, hood with gag and blindfold over his head. His knees had buckled, causing his feet and legs to form themselves into a twisted, unnatural pattern. Directly in front of him, on the rumpled rubber sheeting, lay an open, spilled bottle of amyl, awash in a drying puddle of urine.

The strength began to ebb from my legs, and I quickly caught at the leather-covered bench. Leaning my butt back on the edge of it. I braced myself with the palms of my hands upon the padded surface. I sat there for quite a while—ten or fifteen minutes—staring at the inert form that had been my friend, my mind trying frantically to sort out the facts, to accept the truth of his being dead. Twice I started up, ready to unfasten him from the ceiling hook and take him down. But both times I remembered the time-honored lines from every murder mystery I had ever read or seen; "Don't touch anything." Of course, it was always a cop who said this. And that would be the next problem. The cops.

(Concluded Next Issue)

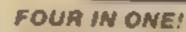
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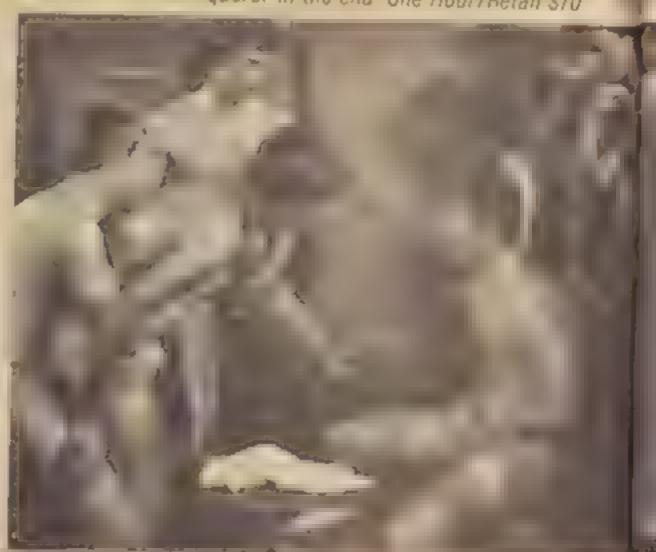
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Dear Sir.

I have a problem I hope you can help me with, My "son" and I have been together nearly two years, and during this time quite a few occasions have arisen requiring my disciplining him. Strict discipline is important in our relationship, and quite frankly, I am very hard on him. I used to correct him with a rawhide strap, which was most effective. But the fiesh on his ass actually turned raw from its frequent application. As a result I feit it necessary to postpone some well-deserved strappings until his ass healed sufficiently. I switched to a paddle and this partially solved the problem, but while it left no raw skin it. created some pretty mean bruises. My question: Is it necessary to wait until his ass heals completely before paddling him again? The bruising appears quite aggravated for about two days after a session, then fades somewhat. But a second paddling causes them to reappear. These are typical brown and yellow bruises. The paddle is two feet long and six inches wide. Please answer, as I don't want to hurt him- not permanently, that it. He is 27 years old.

Dad, TX

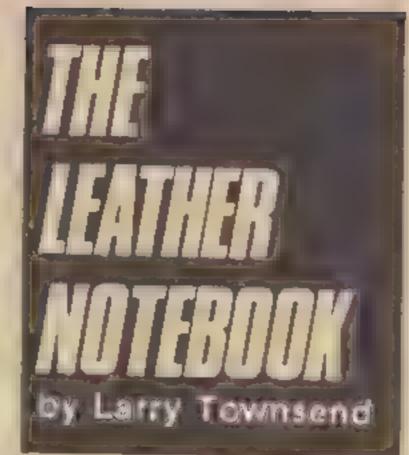
Dear Dad.

I don't think a good padd ing ever really hurt anyone, certainly not an illbehaved 27-year-old. You might consider using a leather covered paddle with some padding in it, if you're really going at it hot and heavy. The gluteus maximus was created for this specific purpose, however, and as long as you are not striking a bone (as on the hip) or tendons (as behind the knee) there is little chance of serious damage. Yours sounds like a fortuitous relationship Why ruin it with unnecessary anxiety over a little discoloration.

Dear Larry,

I have a lew questions that need answers. My friend (the term he uses when introducing me) and I have been together for 8 months. We started out in bondage, he being passive; I dominated. Although we have gotten into some heavy situations, he has never switched roles, even when I asked him to. We don't live together, but see each other three or four times a week. Now my friend has a slave, whom he sees one night a week - says he is preparing him. The three of us occasionally go out together, and when we do I notice my friend following his "slave" around the bar, making me wonder who really is the slave.

He tells me he doesn't want to lose me as his friend (he refuses to call me his lover). He tells me he hasn't been to bed with anyone else (except his "slave"), but he goes out a lot more than I do. I really love this man- and I do mean man, and he tells me I have nothing to worry about as long as I let him do what he wants to do. But I feel slighted, since I



was the one who brought him through his initial SM experiences

I hope you can answer me, and I thank you for your ear and shoulder

A Leatherfriend

Dear Leatherfriend,

You don't mention your age, but I suspect you are quite young. At least, yours is a classic problem of the 20's and early 30's. Older guys can be possessive, too. but greater maturity seems to take it into a little different form. The really wise man learns early on that there is no way he can own another human being. unless that person wants to be owned Trying to establish the basis of a gay relationship on the mouldering standards of middle class heterosexual monogomy just doesn't work (It doesn't even work very well for hets, anymore-- il, indeed it ever did). I know it isn't very helpful to tell you this when your emotions are in comand of your senses, but the only way to survive these early life crises is to resolve in your own mind that you are going to enjoy what you can of it, and when it is giving you more pain than pleasure, you terminate the relationship. The exact point at which this has to happen can only be resolved by you and/ or your friend

As to your friend's inability, or unwillingness, to switch roles with you, that is not difficult to understand. For many guys who may be capable of assuming either top or bottom in a variety of situations, it is sometimes impossible to perceive one particular person in more than one role. There isn't much point in pushing it, because he's not going to perform very well if his heart (or balls) isn't really in it. You seem to have a lot going for you - probably more than your friend. Don't let him tear you apart

Dear Lar y

Drummer is a great magazine, but when people write so much about sex and all the great things to do with SM, doesn't it occur to your staff that hundreds of guys are dying of AIDS and Karposes? Why don't you alert your readers about this

awful disease and tell them to be carefull If you don't, someday there will be no one around to buy Drummer or otherwise enjoy life

Ron, NYC

Dear Ron.

I think all of us are aware and concerned about the various diseases that seem to be plaguing our community. I certainly have been answering letters and warning people, and I have seen similar notations from other contributors to Drummer, However, you must remember that guys buy this mag to read about the positive side of sex and SM Alter all, if they read a story in Drummet and have a good wank, that isn't going to get them into any trouble

It has been some two years since I have ventured into the leather scene. My problem is an uncomplicated, but difficult one. I am over 6', handsome enough and in average shape. I haven't had any problem finding a leather partner to go and fuck with for the night, but the problem is that because of my stature everyone I have gone home with has cast me as Top Even when I strive to be slave, it always ends up where I master

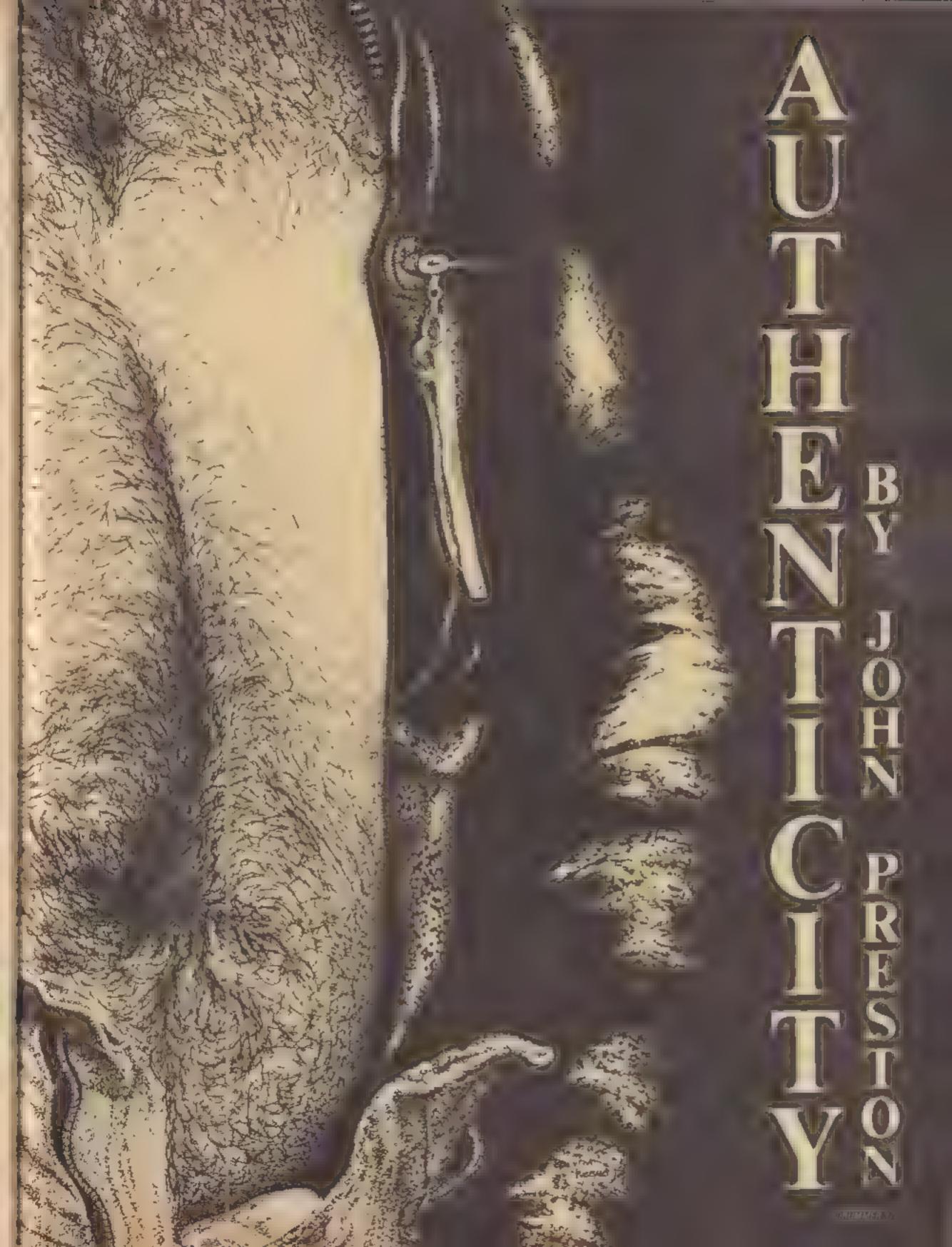
This role could not be further from the truth in my heart. I belong on the floor, bound and at the mercy of a real man, one who knows me inside and out, and who will hear no excuses from me Sir, my question is what should I do in this situation? I am willing to be a complete slave to the right Master, to work for Him and turn over everything I own or earn to Him. Any advice would be deeply appreciated

Desperate, VA

7

Dear Desperate,

This is a question I have had posed a number of times before, and have tried to answer for other people. Unfortunately, there really isn't any answer unless or until you run into the right man. In many of the larger cities, there are social/ educational groups that are helpful in allowing \$M guys to meet one another, and if nothing more, at least unburden themselves. If such a group does not exist in your community-as I suspect it does not in yours-there are various national or International organizations and publications with either ads or membership rosters: InterChain, Chicago Hellfire Club, TAIL, SMads, to name the most well known. You could also try an ad in Drummer or the Advocate. The best referral, of course, is a personal one, and the best way to get these is by cracking the ice with at least one good Top who knows his way around and can direct you to other guys. With looks and age on your side, you're much better off than many who share your emotional dilemma. I'll probably get some responses to your letter, and if so I'll pass them along



It happened in Provincetown fast summer

I was standing in a bar there, what passed for a leather bar in town. Not that I m complaining about that place. Hey, I've carried some great tricks out of there. But this was a slow night

There had been a couple guys who were following me around for the weekend. We'd always end up in the same places. They'd be at the beach, poolside, at the Boatslip, at Tea Dance.

They were as obvious as hell. The two of them must have made it their lives' work to collect the t-shirt of every leather bar in the country. It seemed like they were afraid to wear just a couple shirts for fear no one would recognize the logos.

So they changed maybe five times a day. They'd wear San Francisco bar shirts in the morning, Chicago bar shirts in the afternoon, New York bar shirts at Tea Dance, Washington bar shirts at dinner time, and Houston bar shirts at night. Helt like telling them "I know, I know you're into leather bars."

They also wore an embarassment of junk. They had every color handkerchief in the world. Keys, lit clamps, handcuffs, pieces of rawhide and an occasional dirty jockstrap all hung from their belts at one time or another in the first couple days I saw them.

Now, I don't mind that stuff. Of course I wear a lot of it myself But I have stopped being a promiscuous biliboard about it. I mean, I wear enough to get my message across and the fact is the stuff I'm comfortable wearing does that quite nicely.

Even if I am at a place like Provincetown, I feel most natural wearing my engineer boots, my 501s are just part of my body by now; I've always worn a heavy leather belt and I think I might not know how to stand up straight if my keys weren't dangling on the left. And if I'm going to carry a snot rag it might as well be black— and on the left

Some other parts of me I can't help. They tell me at home I look "severe," Not "handsome," not "attractive" but "severe " I guess part of that's the bushy eyebrows. Hereditary. So's the thinning hair. The close cropped beard must goose the image along So, anyway, I'm not exactly hiding what I'm into. But, well you can overstate this stuff

I remember the good old bad days when being into S&M was something special. I mean, it was something you had to get through to, it was the opposite of chic and if you admitted it was your scene you were teiling the world something very special about yourself.

What really got to me about those two guys was the easy way they approached it all. I mean. I didn't have the slightest impression it meant anything to them.

When I was young it was a fearful thing to come on to a guy for rough sex. You were not really in danger, not if you had your street smarts about you and not if you knew anything at all about what was happening. But there was still some mystery, some excitement that was never there in regular sex.

I couldn't see any of it with them. It was inevitable that they'd finally task to me after ast the cruising that had gone on. And they did, of course.

I was amazed at myself. Here they were, both hunky guys, and I couldn't get that little flame burning in my crotch. I just couldn't light the fire.

Now, I'm a pretty heavy top, have been for a while. Here were two guys offering me a trip around the world and I wasn touying their ticket. What was going on?

fart of it was the words they used. They were all the right words, mind you, but I couldn't believe they were real words. They were words they had read out of a magazine. That was it, these guys began with the usual bar talk. No problem there then they moved, and not with very much caution, right into talking about the scene in a very, very heavy way

I wanted to tell them to wait a minute, just wait a fucking minute! I had given them plenty of clues, I had talked about clubs I belong to, places I'd been to, things I'd read and the like. And they were treating it like cocktail chatter. It seemed to me that if you heard the credentials I had just spun out then you'd wait a few seconds before you started to talk about how much you'd like me to work over your tits. But that's what they did.

And they bored me

"I dlove to have you take me in a room and rip off my crothes and make me suck your big, fat cock," the first one said

"Oh, yeah?" I took a swig of beer.

"I'd want you to make us call you sit and kiss your black leather boots," piped in the second

"Ready?" I leaned against the wall

"You're the kind of guy that could turn us into real slaves. I just know you could "

"We d have to do anything you wanted "

"We'd get our asses whipped if we displeased you."

I have to admit that I yawned at that point. There was no ssion in what they were saving. Their eyes sort of glazed over a tille bit, but that was it. They were also talking more to one another than to me

I felt like asking them what was in it for me il didn't brither. It mean, I was just supposed to be a prop for their fantasies. I can't get into that with bottoms. They're the kind who say, "A real master wouldn't do that!" Shit, what'd these guys know about a real master?

I let my eyes wander a bit. It didn't matter to these guys in any event. Their tired litany droned on and on "...lick your ass... serve your body ... drink your piss...

I saw the kid on the other side of the bar. He was wearing ordinary clone clothes. Tight enough jeans— a little new for my taste, but what the heli?— a tank top, little running shoes and white socks. The shirt was close enough to his body that I could see his pecs. The tits weren't big enough to stand out from the

rest of his flesh. The arms bulged enough to be interesting. The assi looked gorgeous. And he was staring at me with a deep, obvious intent. Now this was going to be interesting

I know it's bad manners, but I just walked away from the other two and went over to where the younger guy was standing. I think I must've left them in mid-sentence. I recall something about "...washing your arm pits."

"Bi "

"He smiled back, the side of his mouth twitched a little bit."

Then the usual. Where are you from? Boston, he answered. And so it went It!! the clencher. He was the one who threw it out. "Where are you staying." I gave him back the name of the guesthouse and added the expected, "Wanna come over for a while?" "Sure

We started to walk through the crowd when an arm came out and grabbed him. I figured I was gonna have to listen to some kind of lover's quarrel, but the kild came right back out through the gang of people separating us and smiled at me as he walked out the door and onto the street

We went up Commercial Street without saying anything until I finally asked him what that had all been about. "It was a friend of mine." The guy looked up at me. "He was worried."

"About what?"

"That you might be more than I bargained for. He thought you might hurt me."

"What if I do?"

He slipped an arm around my waist. "I don't know if I'd mind it

Now the little flame started to flicker. "Done much before?" He shook his head, "Not really."

"What if I get carried away and start slapping you around?" He rested his head on my shoulder as we continued up the steet. He barely whispered his reply. "No one's ever done it before." That was all Not "No." Not "Please," Just enough of an opening. The burning started growing

We walked into the house and up the stairs. I sprawled out on top of the bed and lit a digarette. He had given me the go ahead, I took it. Nice and easy, with a steady voice and no dramatics, I

said, "Take off your clothes so I can watch you

He was only a little stiff about it. I dragged on the cigarette and watched as the top came off. His chest was rounded, not with gymnasium muscles, just with the tone of a guy in his early twenties. He kicked off the shoes. Pulled off the socks, He undid his belt and hesitated. He looked up at me. Then he unzipped the jeans and pushed them down over his hips and calves till they fell on the floor.

His hard on was stuck in the folds of his jockey shorts. He looked at me again. A precious blush crept over his face as he stared at me. 'Come on, kid, do it for your man,' I thought. This was a hard spot, one they always had trouble with. It's easy to have some stud rip your clothes off; it's hard to give in to a man and expose yourself to the potential humiliation of this kind of stripping. I nearly cheered when he expanded the elastic band and stepped out of the shorts.

"Come here." I held out my arms and let him climb into them. There was that shock of the touch of flesh, young flesh. I kissed him, nice and soft, to reward him for a job well done.

I like starting a new boy off that way: him naked and me cothed. It underlines the roles, makes the position he put himself into more real in a way. We made out for a while until I could feel his muscles relax. My hand went down and took his balls in my palm. I didn't squeeze yet. I just wanted him to feel me hold them, wanted him to know they were in my power. He squirmed, it was a nice little wriggle. But he didn't try to move away. That was a good sign.

I have to explain something about tits and me. I think men's nipples were put there to make a top's life easier. There really is very little, unless you want to go all the way into some pretty heavy whipping, that works as well in training as tit play does.

I leaned over and sucked in one of the little brown circles on the kid's chest. There was hardly any tip to it, just that nice, soft, sating flesh. I rolled my tongue around and around, smelling the young sweat under his arms as its aroma wafted up at me. Then I started to bite. At first I just used little nibbles, the kind that any one would enjoy. Then I increased the pressure little by little.

Pretty soon I had him moaning a bit. Not much, but enough honest little groans were escaping that I could tell he was really teeling it. I didn't slow down. In fact I increased the pressure some. "Please," he whispered eventually. I ignored him. I kept on teething his tit till the little nub of flesh was tender enough that even my tongue could bring on the gutteral sounds. Finally he tried to pull away

I leaned up quickly and looked at him, I was resting my body on my left elbow. "What the fuck are you doing?"

He looked a tiny bit guilty and answered in a low tone, "You were starting to hurt."

"So? You knew what you were getting into. You want to leave?"

"No," he spoke that out loud.

I smiled at him. I put a hand gently on his face. "Then put the other one in my mouth."

I laid back on the bed and watched him. There was the slightest hesitation. He looked down at his chest. It's always better to make them do it themselves, things like this. They can't get away with thinking it's something you're forcing on them. It's such a little thing, really, putting your nipple in a guy's mouth when you know he's going to work on it. But, shit, he was the one with a hard on that I could see. So he gave in to that slight humiliation and got up on his hands and knees and manuevered his other tit until it was right on the tips of my tongue.

I repeated my little fun on the new play thing. I waited for the moans. They came. I waited for the whispered, "Please." It was spoken. I took him to that same place between pain and pleasure. When he got there this time, he didn't move away, Instead a hand came up and caressed my hair while I bit into him. There was no hesitation when I finally broke off. He thought I was done. Wrong, "Put the other back here." He closed his eyes a little, just a little for a short while. Then he surrendered the



already sore prize to my teeth

Such a minor event, such a slight bit of submission. But I nearly came. This time his hand returned to my head and he smoothed my hair while I continued this undistinguished torture. I kept if up, going from one nipple to the other, until there was the sweet, sweet sound of a real cry in his voice. I stopped and looked at his face just as a tear ran out of his eye. Then I kissed

That was when I undressed I stood at the foot of the bed and let my hard cock jut out in the air. "Come and take it," I said. He got up and crawled to the waiting prize. I stopped his face just as he was about to swallow it. "Easy, just the head, just put the head in your mouth till you get used to it.

It was a beautiful sight. He was very tanned, but had been wearing a bathing suit. There was that nice white assisticking upin the middle of all that brownness. He was on his hands and knees just barely holding my cock. The combination of his stance and his having my prick in his mouth was a picture of abject submission that turned me on more than I thought could be possible. It was, really, such vanilla. But so real, I thought, so very real

I kept him that way until I thought he was probably getting bored. Not that I wanted to worry about that. The thing was: I wanted to take him to that place where he was unexcited, where he only thought about the hard cock in his mouth, not the excitement of following the new orders

I didn't say anything to him, I just pushed him off my hard or and guided his body until he was on his back on top of the bed Then I climbed up on top of him and gave him another reward in the form of a long, deep kis.

When I broke that off I looked into his eyes and told him thi truth; "You're doing pretty good.

His eyes were wide open his tongue wetted his lips, "I want to

Tknow, kid, Lknow

There was only a quick kiss after that. I pulled back again.

You ready to go on?" There comes a point where you gotta Yare / the say what you know they have to admit to. He nodded his head ves

crassled off him and sat at the edge of the bed. I manipulated his willing body until he was laid over my knees "No one's ever hit you before, have they?

I slapped him one very very hard. Hard enough to get a yelp

He knew the answer right away, "No. sir

aressed the cheek of his ass that had a nice red mark from " I that's my by you're learning

school that says you gotta do it right. You gotta build it up in them and on them, I started with nice little pats, hardly enough to make a sound. Het them alternate from one cheek of his ass to the next. But the constant repetition is what gets them. And the almost undetectable increase in the severity and speed of the blows. They hardly have a chance to know that you've started to really bit them if you do it well

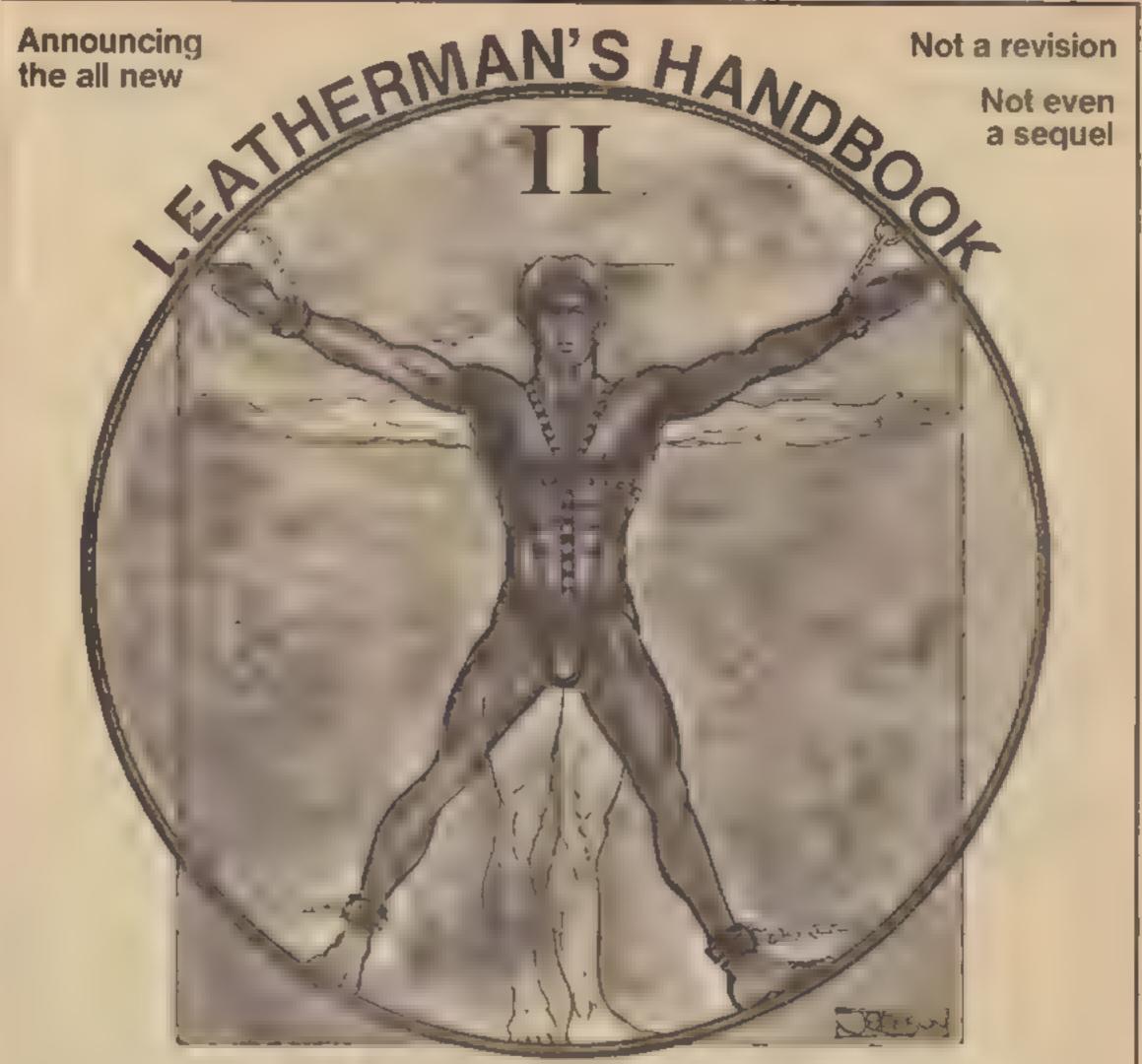
They get the final result of it all in any event. They get to the point where they start to try to move. That's when there's a heat about it all. Their asses are burning from the spanking they're getting. Then their start to tense their buttocks, trying to defend in meetives. That's when your own hand has begun to hurt and you re really beginning to get to them

Then, since you've started to be a little less predictable in just when and where you're going to hit them, they can't prepare themselves and they can't stop from letting out kille boy cries of pain. It's a beautiful sound, really it is

This was a live one. You must have guessed it by now 1 stopped about this time. He of course thought it was all over. I was just running my hand good y over the bright red surface of his ass. I knew it must be a fine, cooling vensation to have the descale touch after the long, drawn out spanking. But when he tried to sit up, after all, he did think it was over, I just put a hand

his shoulder and said, "I'm not done





## BY LARRY TOWNSEND

Cover art by Joe Johnson

This totally new compendium of the male-to-male Leather/SM scene is complete with action vignettes, anecdotes, and a new set of statistics from a special survey questionnaire. The book includes up to date information on: bondage techniques, discipline (light and heavy), water sports, FF, enemas, drugs, bodily piercings, health and gay diseases, the history of SM, catheters, dungeon equipment, and much more.

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To: Larry Townsend, P.O. Box 302, Beverly Hills, CA 90213

It was enough of a shock to him that his back stiffened. I even wondered if maybe I wasn't going to lose him. But there was this tovery littre submission that relaxed his whole body and surrendered it to me.

That tension of his returned when he realized that I was leaning over and grabbing at my pants to get that heavy belt of mine. He could hear it sliding out of the loops. Then I laid the cool leather on his ass and just let it rest there

"You can tell me to stop now if you want to leave."

"NO, SET."

"Does that mean you want me to belt you?"

"No. sir."

"What does it mean?"

"It means... it means you can do whatever you want to, sir." Music, I tell you, just music to my ears.

I doubled over the belt and started out slowly again. Though of course the belt gets pretty severe after not too long a time. I just played its sweet music and watched its reddening magic as it worked on those plump pretty cheeks of his ass,

I had to hold myself in check about a few things. There was this beautiful young man with his body wrapped around my lap and that back of his, those strong muscles just waiting to get their due But, shit, I thought, I can't start him with a whipping on his shoulders. Well, not the first time, at least, I had to keep reminding myself of that all night.

I kept at him with the belt. I never really let go, I just kept it up. until the constant blows accumulated their force. I felt his arms as they tightened around my knees and his face as it started to rub against my thighs, first just rubbing, then the moaning, then the squirming, then the yells he couldn't have restrained and then, finally, wonderfully, the sounds of little sobs as he broke

I put the belt away and reached down to kiss the glowing red ass of his. I rubbed my face against the heat of his flesh and knew that there would be marks the next day. Not the deep welts some people aspire to, but the faint black and blue I, myself, love so much

I gathered him up and once more spread him on the bed. I kissed him again. A bit of pride in him came over me. "You re doing pretty good for a guy who's never been around.

There were still fittle pools of liquid around his eyes. But his

smile came through all the same. "Thank you, sir

Then I fucked him. I fucked him long and hard and pleasantly. Every once in awhile I'd lift his legs up in the air and plow him real good, make him feel it all the way inside him. And if I thought be was maylic torget ing what though were a labout, I only had to move his body around till I got those sore, little tits of his in my mouth and could chew on them till his response was just what I wanted to hear

It took all my self discipline to keep from shooting real early in the game. But I held back tiff I knew, I knew, it was really hurting him for me to be going at him for so long. Great kid, though; he never complained. Then I let myself go and shot an earthquake of cum into his belly

When I was done and had pulled out of him, I laid beside him on my back "Climb up here," I patted my belly. He was a little puzzled. I put my own arms behind my head, "Beat off while I watch you."

Another minor test. No big thing, just a test. You gotta see what happens when you take the rown orgasm and turn it into a tittle toy for yourself. I made it so his coming was an entertainment for me, not something for him.

It took him a while. It usually does with new ones, You can nelp them though. What you gotta do, what I did, is get them back to that place where there's a little fear to get them all hot and bothered. "What's a matter," I'd ask, "need me to play with your tits some more?" Or: "Maybe you need more of the belt tonight," "No sir, no sir, please, sir," became a constant plea of his. In fact it was during one of those "Oh, no, please don't do that, sir" answers that he finally shot a thick wad of ooze onto my chest

I swirled it around in the hair I have there and then brought my wet hand up to his mouth. He closed his eyes— he closed them very tightly-- and still he opened his mouth at this final. little submission and licked my hand clean.

Now, you can't take one like this and start yelling and screaming with them like you were a drill sergeant right off. It takes time. for them to learn things and to get accustomed to them. I just let everything drop then and the two of us took a shower together.

I started to get hard when we were done and I watched him bending over to dry himself. I was wondering if I could get him to the place where he was a body servant who would automatically, unthinkingly towel me first. It was a nice thought, a good one But he had discovered the time

it surprised me. I thought we'd been at it for maybe an hour. No. It had been, get this! four hours of non stop sex. God, when they're good, they're very good! He was late to miss friends at the disco down the street. We joked about what they thought had happened. He dressed quickly. So did I.

I walked him back down Commercial Street and pointed out a short cut to the dancing bar he wanted to go to. A little peck from him and a wave and off he went. I fingered the piece of paper with his name and address and looked forward to a trip to

It was too late to do much of anything but go on to the bar. I went back to that same one.

Wouldn't you know it, that pair was still there. Or, I should say, there again. They must have gone home since they had changed their t-shirts. It was Philadelphia leather bars tonight, I gathered.

I tried to keep the conversation nice and low key. Where had they eaten dinner? Had they tried this other place yet? How long were they in town?

One of them went off to the john. The other took quick advantage of the situation. "Look, my lover's not nearly as heavy as I am. If that's what's turned you off, I'll get rid of him for the night,"

"No, no, I'm tine "

"Please, Master, please." There just wasn't anything in that voice, damn it. Nothing. "I'll gladly serve your body with my tongue. I'll lick your ass; I'll be your human toilet paper. ... There was no edge to it. He was just telling me things he'd done. probably a hundred times. There might, someplace, be something he hadn't experienced before, but I also knew he'd never show it to me. If I took him up on the offer, I'd just be getting a body to play with. Now, it was a very nice body, don't misunderstand that. But it would have been thinking thoughts that had nothing to do with me, It'd be having fantasies that would not involve me. And it didn't turn me on In the least

The other one came back. He didn't get mad at me, but he was honestly confused about something, "Why'd you trick with that vanilla kid. He wasn't such hot shit. We could've given you a much better time of it than him. Man, I'd really like to be able to drink your piss

while I licked your asshole...

Ah, shit," I said out loud. I walked away from them.

It had started to rain in the few minutes I'd been in the bar. But I figured the fuck with it. I walked up to the dancing bar and paid a ridiculous cover charge to get in. I don't think I'd even been there that whole summer till then.

I walked up to the edge of the dance floor and saw him out in . the middle of it, paired with an attractive clone number. It only took a few seconds before he spotted me standing there waiting for him. He said something to the other guy and left him dancing by himself in the center of the whole place. When he got to me he put his arms around me. "My tits hurt," he laughed.

He squeezed me and nuzzled against my neck.

"I want to go home, come with me." I didn't really order him to, but.. well, let's say I was pretty definite. In any event, he came with me

As we climbed the stairs in the guest house I asked him, "What'd you say to the guy you were with?"

"That I had to leave to go home with my lover."

So we went home. That night he slept in his jockey shorts with my arms around him.

ROBERT PAYNE presents the Hottest phemomenon of the '80's:

# ADIS COLUMN SERVES

YOU WERE OUT OF IT NOT ANY MORE! Men are looking for older men to share their lives and themselves with Robert Payne takes you inside the macho world of DRUMMER DADDIES and the men who seek them out Case histories, actual experiences and photographs of the top men as well as the bottoms that call their masters Dad Perhaps DRUMMER DADDIES wo open up a whole new world for you. There is one way to find out





In tiations, hazing slavery, college men and erotic sports fiction, fact and fantasyl First there was THE BEST & WORST OF DRUMMER then DRUMMER RIDES AGAIN SON OF DRUMMER and DRUMMER MARCHES ON and now it's CLASS OF '82, a yearbook the likes of which you have never experienced. Everything you ever expected of DRUMMER, rolled into sixty-four turn-on pages. No collection is complete without this one.





# VAL BREAKS IN A HOUSE SEAWN

Want to see how a real Master does it? Then watch VAL MARTIN, international Leather Master breaking in two houseslaves! Ace photographer Jim Wigler was there for both ball-busting sessions and captured every sweaty moment as Val stripped down, worked over, and completely dominated these two young unbroken studs. By the time the sessions were over, they were eating right out of his hand. Strictly the only way to treat domestics! Text and choreography by Robert Payne.

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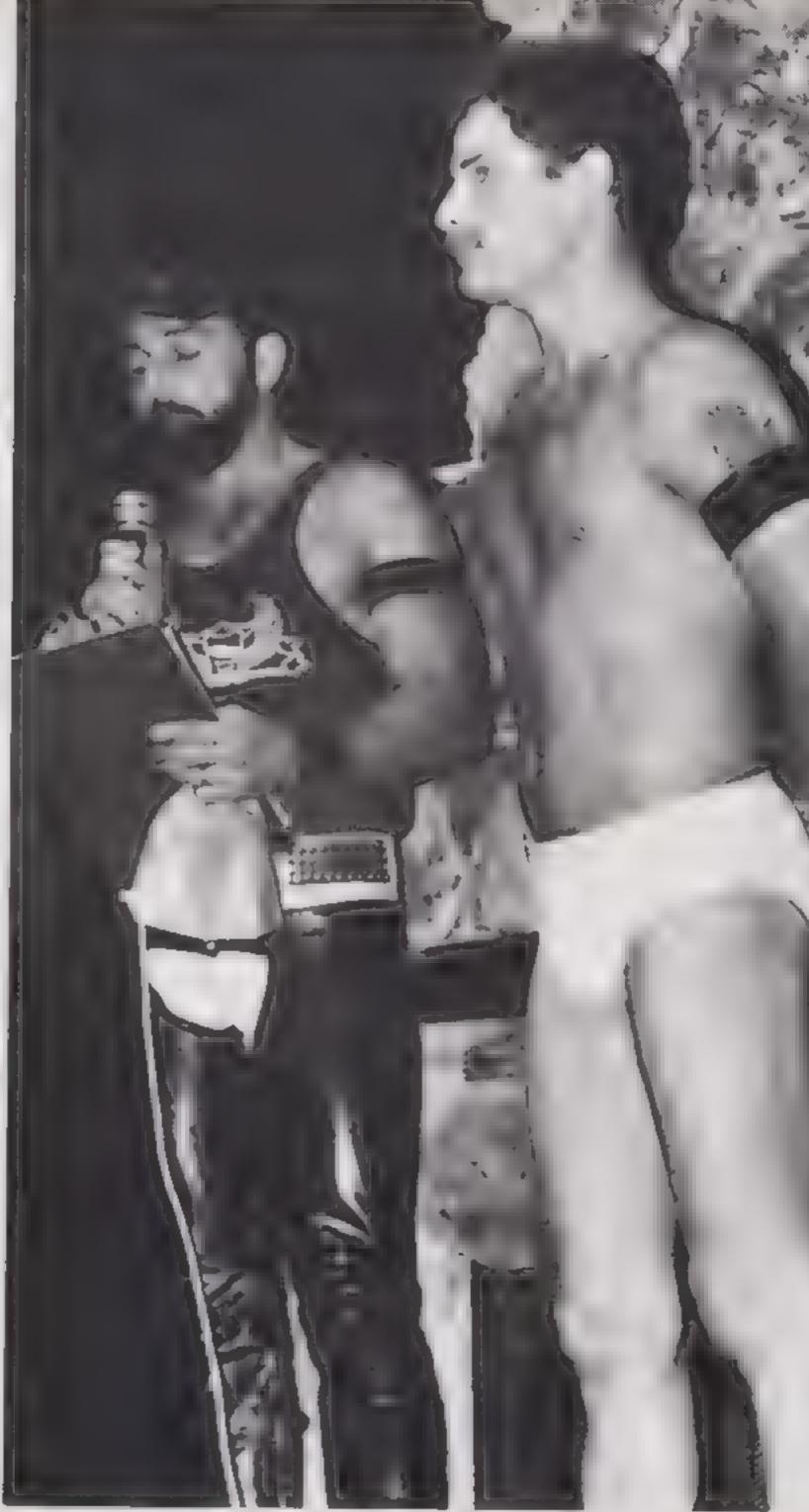
## SOGIAL NOTES

# SEARCH BEGINS FOR A MEW DRUMMER

The first of the nine regional Mr Drummer contests was kicked off at The Woods Resort at the Russian River on the March 25th weekend. The weather was touch and go, but the resort was crowded with leather men from the area as well as from 5an Francisco. Three days among the tall redwoods proved to be the ideal setting for the contest. The audience found their own diversions between the events. And, believe us, they really did it up brown!

One of the big crowd pleasers was the surprise appearance of Val Martin as Master of Ceremon es. Val Martin's Brazilian accent lent considerable charm to the events. The nervous contestants appreciated his soothing manner and concern because it took the edge off of their self-consciousness. His outrageous, provocative humor came to the fore on the stage and it kept everyone hanging on his humorous ripostes. Because of his charm and wit Drummer has asked him to co-MC the final big bash in San Francisco later this summer

The audience and judges got their first look at the 11 hot men who would be contending for the title when they appeared Friday night on stage in full leather.



EMCEE VAL MARTIN puts the screws to This Month on the River's contestant Ken Divodi who patiently waits. Candidates bared not only their hunky bodies but their leather souls to the judges and the outrageous Val. Asked to show their best points, only half the lineup showed their collective bare backsides.







A kiss beats a handshake any day and really shows you mean it, especially when congratulations are in order

Crowd participation accounted for part of the voting, while five judges used their own expertise toward selecting the winner and the two runner-ups. The judges were eminently suited to their task. They were, Jim Cvitanich (Mr. San Francisco Leather 1982). Frank O Rourke (author of Captain Morgan) John Ponce (Mr. Northern California Drummer 1982), Ray Schliep (Mr. Russian River 1982), and Alan Selby, popular proprietor of Mr. S Products in San Francisco.

Saturday atternoon was the swimsuit

contest Because of the heavy rains, this phase of the contest could not be held by the two big outside swimming pools. During this phase the judges probed each contestant about what leather meant to him.

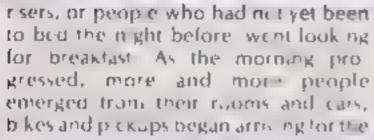
It was after the bar closed in the early hours of Sunday morning that The Woods became a heated and wildly aftive place all over again. It was the jock strap contest. The 11 men appeared on stage in pants and a Wood's tank top Iwo of the judges, Jim Cvitanich and John Ponce, ripped the tank tops off the

contestants and stripped off their pants, revealing hunky bodies and buiging jock straps. Some of the men were lifted bodily from the floor as their pants were taken off, which brought roars from the audience. After the crowd had a good look at each man, they were given black t-shirts with the white Drummer logo, which they donned on stage. A good part of the crowd spent until four in the morning boogieing on the dancefloor

When Sunday morning dawned, only a very few figures could be seen walking through the wooded areas. Some early









big announcement of the winner.

The air was electric with anticipation The sun, which had not fully appeared until then came out in fung ony warms ng the damp air and lending a holiday atmosphere to the proceedings



The Woods sent a limousine to the San Francisco International Airport to pick up Mr. Marcus, the dean of San Francisco's leather commentators, who had been in Detroit at The Interchange to help in the selection of their top.



MR SAN FRANCISCO LEATHER Was B *judge* 



Some of the audience should have been onstage too



Lube contestant Bruce Barnfull tells what leather means to him

LINE 'EM UP, STRIP 'EM. SHOW 'EM WHAT YOU'VE GOT.







the I mo to announce the winners

Paul Manenti, sponsored by The Pilsner Inn of San Francisco, won the coveted title of Mr. Northern California Drummer 1983, Last year's winner, John

Ponce made the presentation. The first runner up, Rick Williams represented the Russian River Chocolate Factory while the second runner up, Robert Martin, was sponsored by The Oasis in San Francisco.

Now Paul Manenti would find himself in competition with the other regional winners from all over the U.S. on June 24th at The Trockadero Transfer in San Francisco for the 1983 Mr. Drummer Finals

PHOTO BY ROBERT PRUZAN

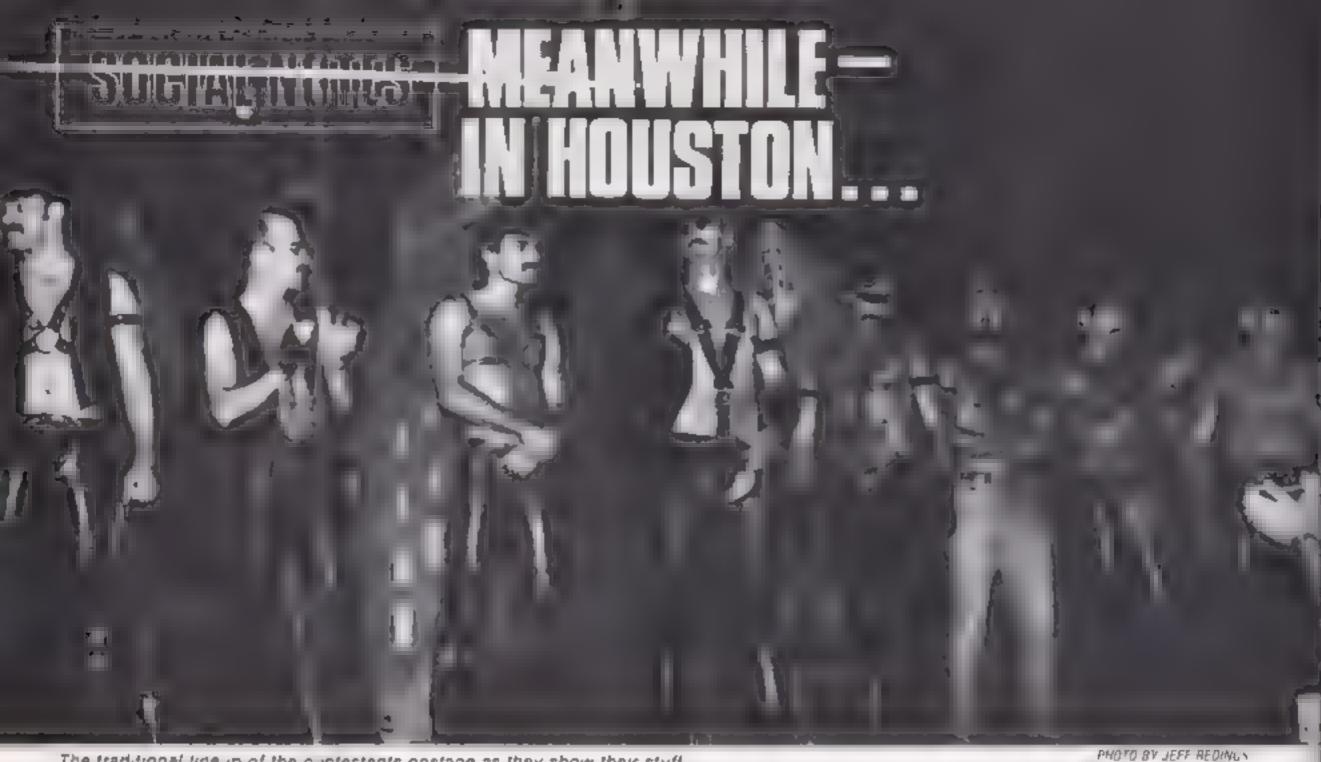


Winner Paul Manenti gives his all toward the basket of the evening



Sonny Cline loses his as last year's winner John Ponce and S.F. Mr. Leather strip him down

**MEANWHILE IN HOUSTON...** 



The traditional lineup of the contestents onstage as they show their stuff

When things get hot in Texas, it can get so hot it takes your breath away Witness the 1983 Mr. Southwest Drummer Contest held March 25-27th one of the contestants had to be rushed from backstage to the hospital on the night of the finals for hyperventilation But he recovered

Houston loves leather. After all, Texas

is where some of the best leather comes from - so when Bill Bailey, owner of The Drum launched on this year's Mr Southwest Drummer Contest, he wanted the region to show the country that leather has a special significance and that the men who wore it were some of the, if not the, hottest men in the country. From the decision of the

judges, he might be right

The preliminary work had been going on for many months (ever since last year), but what the public saw began on March 25th when the contestants in this year's heat were presented at The Drum it was Houston's first close up look at the ten men who would dominate everyone's interest for the entire weekend



Second Runner-up Steve Mer on



First Runner-up Randy Chambiee







Saturday afternoon The Drum staged a lube wrestling contest and the public got to see what these men looked like greased for action—as well as in action Lube wrestling may replace chili cookoffs as Texas' second favorite pastime

Saturday night was a pre-contest party for the contestants, their sponsors, everyone involved in the staging of this year's event, as well as the public

But Sunday night was the main event and Numbers, the largest disco in Houston, co-hosted the finals. A laser light show (arready on everyone's 'must see list when visiting the Southern city) and a special slide show prepared by Drummer were the preliminary visuals that built the audience up for the parade of beefcake. Kenny Sacha (who burst on the scene a couple years ago as the star of French Dressing, and who is appearing this summer at Radio City Music Half with Sandy Duncan) and Danny Villa (the annual MC of the Mr. Prime Choice Contests in Houston) co-MCed the contest. The judges (Luke Daniel, Mr. Drummer 1982; Ben Moore Mr. Prime Choice 1980; Don Hughes, Mr. Prime Choice 1981; Jim Rollins, Mr. Prime Choice 1983; Dale Ross, Mr Detroit Leather 1982; Baxter Lowry, Lockerroom) got down to heavy business and announced David LeBlanc (sponsored by The Leatherworks of Houston) as the new Mr. Southwest Drummer 1983, First Runner-up was Randy Chamblee Second Runner-up was Steven Merino Everyone was very excited by the selections (the story goes that when the audience saw David LeBlanc they colrectively held their breath)- and Houston is extremely confident that David will walk away with the 1983 Mr Drummer title when he competes in San Francisco on June 24th at the finals. That's the kind of attitude that made Houston great.



AND THE WINNER IS David Le Blanc Hardly recognizable under a coat of Lube in the greased-wrestling contest, he is shown

IN a more presentate pose as he became MR DRUMMER SOUTHWEST '83. Next stop San Francisco for the Big One

or will Butch Brasher P.O.

TRUCK DRIVER

Seeks good buddies for fun while on the

road Southeast area Photo and phone

appreciated Wesley Sitz Box 20453.

ARIZONA

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Birmingham Atabama 35216

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**HOT MAN-TO-MAN CONTACT FOR A COOL 35c A WORD!** 

GRANT NEWENDORP

Fig. 8 A HEALTH AND A HEALTH

I AM A SWISS

BODYBUILDER

his asshole reliched wide open for

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GOODLOOKING LEATHERMAN

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whipping, rimming and asshole rating Into S M @ D W S CBT. F Toys. Oil NUMBERS nt Ipriure, bondage & New to not & heavy action but really get on heavy bondage & serving you. DRJMMER and MAN FEST will now **50c A WORD** et the shift out of each a secreted telephone numbers in - I am visiting the USA Andrew and personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost Am 170 6 Blond Bue eyes horny of the ad if a telephone number is interested \_\_\_\_\_ 1 meeting me for real enix area 3645 included in the ad copy if necessary hot action, please send inclure with let-ARKANSAS please indicate to us the best time(s) to for I will send you mine too Please verify the number Commercial ads A - A Buchimar i L TTLE ROCK SLAVE **JCIWROITAN** , y Nr Tave Resorts 59 53-68 11 11 By Employment For Sale, etc.) may have PIE FACES AND SLOP HEADS and telephone numbers included in their Drummer is looking for leather/uniuncut you a w Spiat! A big cream pie smushed in a not on a state of a pouring piss Ga a a business card letterhead form men willing to model (415: 864handsome face, decorated w p 4 15 and feathers, crowned with go ... . . . . . . . get- or other printed material on which the or a pot of patmeal 5p Affered . Sale and letting you know who a There will be no exceptions STILL UNCUT? eggs of whipped cream Slapstick Holding out for the right's leng? Toil the hymiliation, mot guys made to look rid Sprice all about it. Send description, boss Am ex e e DOMINANT BODYBUILDER iculous Let B swap photos and expephoto (not necessary) and circumcimits native. You should include 32 5.8" 160 lbs, 29" waist, 40" chest H P 0 Box 362 New Iberta. sion fantasy. All get replies the chosen. your comber and treety you are sadistic but same into intense leakate get c pped Box 3433 DE JUNIS pressure bondage tilwork and unus-JIAH COWB 14 TALL MEN WAR TED 5 W M W NORTHERN . . booted di des 0 0 CAL FORNIA 5 15 gb LATHER BIRER ! P WANTED 1 4 to get into a heavy **BAN FRANCISCO** FISTING/KINK LOOK NO BOR THE RUSSIAN RIVER Having frouble Inding IMPC 15(BLE N M 4 Prisonewich John texoy get you at?? Send it am WM 29, 58" 152 lbs. and am lorget T/T Versable Y- / pt old ge s AMER A CANA A? and tell me what you want. I'll do my The second secon 4 1 Pg. 5.5 EXTRA MUNG L R of fr r in the state of esta in type vebuen EWM 24 L OK NO. Saw to e unitated by FOR RIGHT MAN No lant PRIME CONTACT Saw for the satisfied by A \* \* 3 % remiS, MI festyle perhapsion ( - am adventurous like to se taky pay hot ash ALABAMA y stand of the same e aims a Aid 1 you to a TWO BUDGES though dide into y is a old dutch slave, sportive 6, 143, 36 & v / 1 tick is at ass with that heat of 1 moustache Box 3302 and . Answering a Dilmbeat all seasy but the lewingles works elaw tast for the vertient was Singly to lette in a envelope on which you have written the box number in pench and are write the box in mer on the back tap of heir verice Privar returned and rest of the envelope Lyou went the etter returned sho i) there he some process were the very Put over pustage on the envelope and deligning want inwarded Put the whole thing (sealed letter and fee) in another envelope addressed to Drummer. Letters not properly prepared will be dastroyed DAME, P. L. AD COPY Please Prillingty 15 Harriet Street, San Francisco, CA 94103 Anyone corresponding with advertisers must comply with all locs), state and federa laws. No advertising accepted from persons under 21 years of age. Alternate Publishing will not knowingly accept fraudulent, obscene, offensive or questionable advertising Name -City/State Zip.... rigaciars that amove 2 , arso ago and ha the data in ms ad 5 rue and signact impossions the incorners of adia to be supplied to materials. Area and warry on craims again y the mais replied, such due in this asial or My adis \_\_words a \Bar 350 DRLMMER \Bar 500 both DRUMMER & MANIFEST Lam encios ng \$ \_\_\_\_\_ Now get busy! techina faring indees in his A prair P. r. thing a nine way 650 "3" ble for any mesac runs be year myself and 8 y jubs som son aut hrough

thei publications

yours plus any orner raunchy action (except FF) write with apic I milor main man, J.M. P.O. Box 99688. San Francisco. CA 94109

SOME PEOPLE SAY

That amadevil think lamanange of my kind. Write medeling mellow kinkly you can get and let's get together to have fun Later on we'll get into more serious things of course. Nurry up. There are too many things around the cosmos for us to pick up. Me. W.M. 40.5.11° 175. You Thope you have a good mind. Box 3441

UNIFORMS

Dutch/German-American, 32 62° 170 bs. bild eyes blond have not Looking for men interested in police & military uniforms esp. German, jockstraps & latipolished boots Respondently if you are not looking & sexy & willing to submit to & worship a true Aryan-Northic type Picture is a must RST Apt #2 437 29th St. S.F. CA 94131

LEATHER BOTTOM WANTED Young Asian Top seeks WM bottom in full black leather. Whisping shaving mutual TT. No drugs Prefer smoker moustache 35+ Sir Box 1632. No photo, no reply

2 6H STUDS 4 HOT JRDS
2 9's N2 most scenes No hvy
S&Miscat Moustache LL VA B&T
TOYS RA+ S Bay area We R hot— L
Detter B 2\* Bay 3484

W/M 40 WITH BEARD

Looking for partners in mutual activity any scene particularly interested in C/B T/T EF Attitude and writingness to experiment more important than looks Box 3106

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German urinal pig 31/61\*/190 lbs
wonts to make his fantas es real with a
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whole week of my life day and night,
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and I'm willing to work for my Master SiR. Please send me the date if will come to SiF. SiR. Don't lorget overseas arrhan postage. Box 3461

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San Francisco native, discreet even ntelligent experienced in S&M Expert at balancing pleasure with pain Sale (non-damaging) genital forture, restraints mechanical and electrical ation to de berat

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Seeks from sadist into light to heavy
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Hot horny, well put logether Librar 35.58° 135.65 8° out has also strope and a lot of time to explore bondage in ps with equally intense line minded MEN. Tune in to some real trips with a goodlooking bottom top. Photo brings photo. Tightropes. 795. Buena. Vista West 44. San Francisco. CA 94117

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Are you a hunky bottom man, under 35 and in shape, who can handle rough sex and masculine affection in equal

ammounts? Do you want a together buddy who can make decisions, plow your ass, and share good times? Description wiphold and phone to Box

FLEXING AND SHOWING

Off your muscles in bondage while another body builder teases and sensually forments you until you come again and again. From mild to heavy. Your limits respected Coff types prefered Write to P.O. Box 5401. Oakland. CA

BAY AREA BOTTOM: SLAVE

6 165 lbs WM Leoking for dominant masculine Top/ Master Into 8 0 W S want to experience more Request instructions with photo/ description 8 ox 3577

Wate SEEKS MALE LOVER
With stocky muscular thick thighs and large developed bits into girdles corsets hylons I am sincere and discrete Send picture and phone number to 537 Jones, #5136 S.F. CA 94102

BODYBUILDERS—WRESTLERS W M 56", 145, into muscle worship pacs biceps armpits, sweat, J 1 wrestling, testing strength. Seek big 88 muscular small guys bracks and orientals into liexing P D Box 6655. San Francisco CA 94101

WANTED OLDER 45Large muscular hairy man. By hot
bearded hairy muscular dark cauca
sian hung hick long, light bottom 355.81 150, balding on top Want to
explore Box 3610

W/M, 41, 5 8", 155 lbs

intelligent masculine discreet versatile and horny Enjoy traveling motor cycling, outdoors and downright sox Seeks same under 45 years for corres pondence, sharing experiences and sexual exploration with possibility of eventual meaningful relationship Photo-appreciated No fats Yreka Box 3426

> GAY WHITE MALE SEEK NG CAB TORTURE

31 cute. 5.11° mustache blonde hair blue eyes. 160 lbs workout at gym. I am new to this and shy! Would lke to hear from similar responsible guys who respect im is Would lke to hear from both S sand M s. young couples inexperienced or experienced oik. If interested send information about yourself and what you like fantasies toys etc. picture if possible, and phone number and address to Occupant. P.O. Box 14413. S.F. CA. 94114

MASTER WANTED

By 25 yrs aid. 5 11", 155# hunky grey eyed bland I'm laoking for a master 25-40 yrs old to take control and build me in mind, body, and spir I. I have I harly realized my piace a lobe in total servitude as the property of a master I'm into L/L. 8.0 FF. W. S. and ready to have my limits expanded. I'm serious on giving my total being to the master. Sir if you're serious about your life piease write me. W. photo. Box 3628.

50, 510", 185, Heiry Warm hol sks solid connections action a Log? Perm? Wimaso, trim WhiTopia - Box 31581 S.F. CA 94131

Seeks life as dog with eathered master owner into heavy 860 punishment Sk to be collard caged mind controlled kennered used lagged 8 kept as dog for life. Never again treated as a human Permonly Must be able to han die an mal sale y 8 sansly. No games Kai' c. o 540 — O fairet 306 S.F. CA 3-1 (415)776-9120. Re ogateable

HOT COCK

m 32 150# 5 10" hirsute muscular with hair moust & beard 1 tiring & taloo, usually top but welcome other







tops one-to-one or? Experienced in all scenes esp. VA. TT. Humiliation. FF. (too) closes and leather You are together GWM 22 to 40, flex-ble and willing to expt w/both new & old scenes for max, pleasure. No blood or IV drugs. Your photo gets mine. Barry. Bylord 495 Ellis #2892 SF CA 94102

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Wants 3rd and/ or 4th I am a GL: masculine Master (37) I own a Butch Sici an son/ slave-dog (35). Though he is still in training it have taken control over his mind institling in him a great desire & need to serve respect obey & worship his Master's commands reacher boots, man-crotch & man ass He now works at proving he has two hungry holes that are total pussy I am boking for another master bondy who owns a boy so we may together expand on the powerful mental dominance deg adation, verbal humii atich bondage & sexual abuse of my/ our slave pussy Other Masters invited - other staves submit respectful letter Only ser ous replies will photo will men! this experience Box 3615

UNIFORMS-FANTASIES 5'8", 135-32 Looking for fall Limither who know how to be tough cops (CHP) LAPO SEPD. etc.) Gis. rangers. etc. Also interested in lantas es where you act like a tough young punk Sou therner, redneck, convict, straight kid efc. I like disguises changes of characer, voice accept No heavy S.M. heavy verbal scenes are DK PD Box 14622 SF CA 94114

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Wanted by hot bottom 5 37 38, 140\* Also need beavy 14 torture and fist fucking by experienced top. Prefer man of thy age or older. Re alignship poss to a Sand photo and phone number with reply Mitch P.O. Box 5276. San Fran-CISCO CA 94104

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Intimate physical exams, disc panary spankings, given by attitiont, expemenced, careful, middle-aged father figure to clean-shaven, short-haired shy, modest 50ht, 18-25 only, who would be truly em barrassed, yet submit to authority. No sex. Not interested in lartives or fone freeks. You have my phone number give yours if you want to talk to me Call Noon to 6 pm any day leave message Steve (415) 339 6581 Trust

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Goodlooking, professional 37, slim and hot Loves mutual scal scenes interested in self-ing down and eating ass No one mighters. Box 3638

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INTENSELY SEXUAL (BUT NOT INSATIABLE) Bionde blue 5 11" 150# 39 wants to meet local men for dating. Send interests, photo & phone to #222 30308 Q

> DADDY LOOKING FOR SON AND/ OR SLAVE

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nto W.S. F.A/P. G.A. Spanking and Domination. Uncut cook is a real turn. on Also into dirty jockey shorts. Larry P.O. Box 3356 Naga CA 94558

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Los Angeles Pretty faced from - 30 54" 300+ lbs - seeks masters who know how to use a fat assed redobellied slave with huge tits and ham-Wilk highs Not much expenence but ALL 5 Fres considered So if you're into girth, come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced evergrown pigt Write Box 3179

HOT TOUGH HANDSOME M 6'1" 27 years, 175 lbs. 6" affiret c Needs to be trained and dominated faught how to serve by hard expemenced master Leather cowboy (Fig. etc Genuine only Phato, Box 3040

SAN DIEGO TOP 63" - 40- 190 into ati scenes - com piete game room— 870 S. M.W. S.FFA. Leather Hoods- wax Irls- etc 619.

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Burly blue-co far" type W/M 6 1° 232 33) from beard, thorning hair broad hairy shoulders, chest and back of a ble beer be ly cut 6 5' nice butt and strong legs (13E boots, seeks hot uninhibited MEN 24-40 for sweaty lust fantasy realizations, kinky and/or sensual good times. Stoney @ (213) 666-3206 (S) verlaker Box 10643 Glen dale CA 91209

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Seeks studs into fuciong-rimming sucking Dildoes-S&M W S. Poppers prolonged ass hole play-versal le top-bottom) AM 46 180 (bs-6' tal beard-moustache-Giva uniforms, good bottom service! Box 3520

HOT RAJNCHY PLAYFUL W. M. 30, 5'8", 130, goodlooking & tr.m. pierced his, havry chest moustache and stubble beard, works out, Seeking, hol raunchy sessions with guys 18-40 into lucking sucking fisting piss J/D. spit armpits, Crisco hot wax 1tt-play amyl fun drugs, loys, greasy jock straps, wet briefs light laded levi 1991 ass-play form underwear levi realher sweat fantasies Prefer bot

tom but top/tradeoff also, Apugh scenes or playful good times. Man toman 3-ways or groups. Write wrighoto if possible: BOX 121 13624 SHERMAN WAY VAN NUVS, CA 91405 Yeah Hot

YOUNG HOT WHITE MASTER 26 yrs old 56", 130 lbs Brown hair green-gray eyes, mustache and nice body - Seeks slaves(s) who need to be owned for life. Also will review requests from a ave a) who seek less pe manent service. Forward detailed letter wiphoto to Lord Stephen Box 352 Garden Grove, CA 92642 0352

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6 / 165 sks master for S. M. & torture of big uncul C B's Box 5191 El Monte, CA

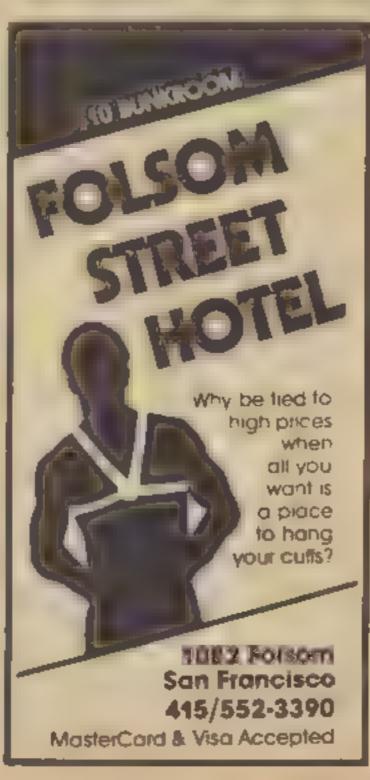
USED JOCKS/SHORTS Etc., from heavily hung studs. Writer send SASE to Box 5191 El Monte, CA 91734

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Opening for 6 W M 18-28 slave— to ive in complete bondage, chains jock strap, steep to ceil- send history of self and photo. PO Box 1048. San Orego, GA 92112







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offo motorcycles shaving, branding 8-0 Heavy 0 sipline humiliation by whips chains cigars, into outdoors Master 5-8 or faller 140 or heavier 2 years or older White is over offers hims

NOVICE WRITE BOTTOM DADDY

Needs real Top Daddy Brack, White any age race Clergy considered Photo and instructional leiter desired though not required. Box 3635

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The made ine for Real genuine machinen. U. w. I defin to y find the Man o your sexy dreams the Man for you wild fantasies. Enjoy fable of DROMMER, it's Right down your raunchy alley. Mattillew.

PROFESSIONAL BEHAV ORAL TRA NER

With extensive experience as a topma offers. S. M. counciling training instruction, and experience Menta and/ or physica. Ca. (213-222-633). S.x. to midnight. Ask for K.O.

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From beard 6.5" 199 bs Looks for intelligent, very good looking, mascukne man for warm contact. Send photo. Box 3641

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Att. W. M. 40 s. 6.11 175 t. BB. bizman
sks Asian lover roommate. . s.
Laguna Beach, CA 9265,

ANY REAL ACTION

From dudes who know what the her they can and will put out and take Floys, Hoods Rimming Porty seat and 27777 Let's match 90% for bon. BLACKS get 1st place MARY W. M. CHICANOS come in 2nd with PHOTO get quick reply responsities all one. No age or size hang a sare for it. Box 3647

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To WM master 58 140 8-H B-E beard berving this master full time 8 inches root is the key Train on depends on you Photo pref 21 30 Box 3648

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### COLORADO

WANTED

sender well-built well hung hit e stud — stave boy for dominant associal bastard I am into body building leather and most scenes I will respect your limits, but I will upand them You will have to earn my respect. With the right person I have been known to be labeled an S/M leddy.

bear I am all man and ove to tuck hard and deep if you can't take it don't answer this ad if you are man enough to have a hard core real by Send photo phone, and descriptive fetter. Anyone visiting the Denver area is welcome to try me on for size I am a ways ready Get off your ass and write now. Box 3132.

HAIRY HOT HORNEY taken built hard to stay tough Are you man enough? Son 3614

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Experienced seeks partners who want and need S&M B&D TT CABT G /Fr WS, Domination and other Leather actions including Leather toys are your applications. Limits respected Leather Tops & Cowboys welcome to share Box 1531

WM. 35 6'1", 180

BL.BL. 7½ cut MASC A P Fr/G Desires sql or multi-party mtgs w/MASC Wm. 30-50 6 + in good physical shape hairy/ uncut—neither mandatory prefer outdoor western trucker construction types No 5 Mor 8/D, just REAL sex w REAL men Ever tual mtgs desired but correspondents welcome WRITE Occupant 102 Whate head Rd , Gales Ferry CT 06335

Bright, mid 40s demanding seeks tive in son who needs to belong can take discipline hard work, and wants to grow in mind and body. Box 3624

### DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

THIRSTY

MD-DC-VA M Cancer 6' 35 168 lbs bland/blue moustache sensuous thersty, independent, straight appearing, looking for experienced creative, hung hard-bodied lops 30 45 Recycled beer repeat shoolers ong sessions leather, body worship and sweat are lurnons, fat takes, fems, skinnies, pretty boys, heavy drugs pain blood and shift are turnolls. Not looking for an Adonis or one fantastic tack but for men to serve experiment with and expand im ts with over time leper relationship possible, not kely but willing to try Told Im goodnoking hot but you decide Recent photo and letter gets recent photo and response. Your photo returned. Sir please will be Box 50602 Washington, DC 20004

### **FLORIDA**

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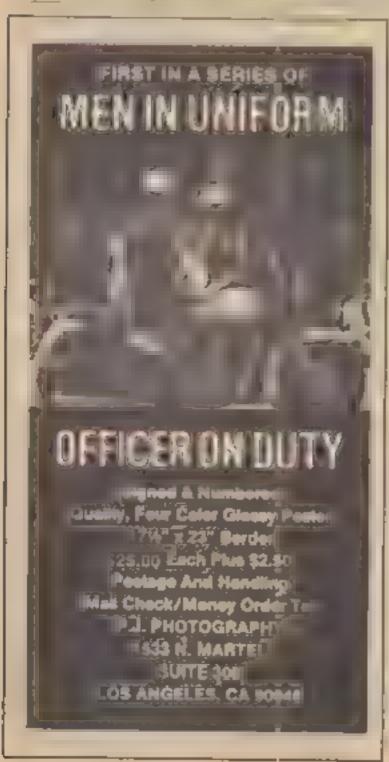
Good-ooking, well-built male seeks aggressive no nonsense cops who know how to feed cock, fuck ass and earn respect. Not into ested in phonies or play acting Real cops only Box 009.

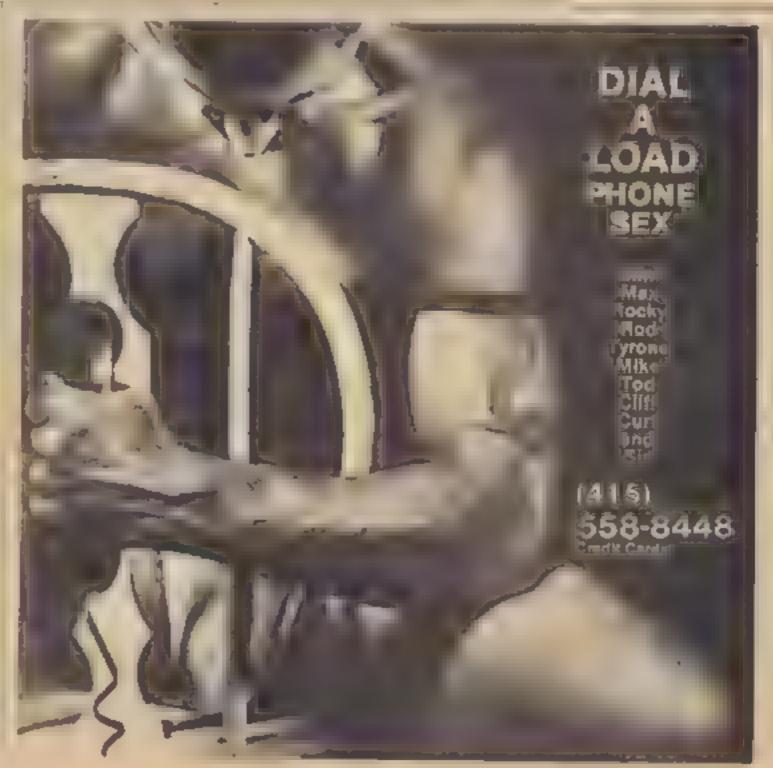
mag naive dominant Master seeks together bottom stude into FF WS bondage S&M C&B/I piercing shaving etc for 3-way with in-house slave can administer heavy discipline but mits are respected. No permanent damage Demanding but considerate Photo and mailing address a must phone optional. Am 47, 165 lbs. 7" cut with big balls and big hands. FF is optional but am a special delight for wide receive a Box 258.

FT LAUDERDALE

Mascume, stable, good looking top with firm but gentie style seeks subjects for "training". Reasonable limits respected Applicant will include photo and phone in feller of application Jake Box 130051 2260 NW 68th Ave Sunrise FL 33313

ATTRACTIVE, BEARDED MABTER 36. seeks croich, piss a aves, who enjoy humiliation being used Travel widely Box 10274. Taliahassee, Ft. 32302





HARY MACHO MEN

Wanted by Miamy W. M. 50, 160# slim. with that firm ass if you're into hot sweaty lunky rough rugged sex write me to ling me what you will do to me Can trave and receive Box 55

SLAVES

App cations for a line is extensive training in S&M by profesional mudel and bodyby iden haste. Applications must include photiqual ications and reason for consideral on No fems drags or takes POB 501 555 N M ami Beach Ft 33160

WANTED SLAVE LOVER

M whiland6 some experichrsek, 5 m. orm so could'el ocale educ nature 5 Wh 40 educ tinan secure 63° 88 I andsome completely masc & done 686 Full 11hi & equip boots, lovs for it to I'vy SAM BAD VA CBTT WS GA F.P. Respect tim, but well expand

M duscr be se! & exper phonek recent pip os turnions & olla any tiralis to S Ankwer w more nio & spels my pics Plan me your great you visit SFa Mr Sir Box 11816 Ft Laud Fta 33...39

BIG BLACK BEEF

Wanted by bearted 185 lbs 510 white slave who needs hot sweaty lanky sea with brack men WS B&D SAM deal and rear with rugged tough numbers Box 201

HARY MIAM! MASTER

33 Wants boot licking bottom for 880 spanning and hall work, Birg oners wercome limits respected Photo nanda tory PO Box 144484 Cora Subies F o ca 33 14

WANTED

30-50 yr old exp stable top willing to

domination, B&D light S&M, No. FF. Scal Piercing, Heavy Pain 1 m blnd bue 57" 135 avib wknd's You buil

and matche byay do-cut a plus All terfers with photo's answered Boxholder P.O. Box 9001 Cocoa. Fra. 32922 Fia Ga and Ata, only please

### **OUR ADS GET RESULTS!**

WANTED LE TOP

bb gymn of constructor worker any masculine studs 18-407 Intelligence day do proint to appear of or

french W.S. Initiations, locktraps the same of the sa

WANTED-81G Burly muscular black men (st aight or gay) to be top master to willing and able slave into hot sweaty tunky sex Can receive and travel. Write 8ox 1159

MAN UNDER 35

With smooth firm body wanted by handsome athletic 30 year old profession. Prefer submissive blonds but can be topy bottom with right pariner include phone number and photo if possible PO Box 331387 Coconut Grove, Florida, 33133.

TATTOGED ASS

Takes whipping with thick leather st ap, then itst dildoes enema, wax piss Crew-col. on Marine, beard, 37 5 11", 190 lb gameroom, sting, pool able whipping horse toys, can travel Letters with photo/ phone got fastest answer plus wild photo sel PO Box 10064. Bradenton Ft. 34282 0084

### GEORGIA

-BREECHES AND BOOTS-

wears English riding clothing and has a fettish for tall hight polished boots t am booted and breeched log, white 60. 6 feet, 165 pounds Into leather light 58M motorcycling boot worship un-

photo gets mine Hear Chattanooga

YOUNG SLAVES OR HUNKY MEN

action scenes. A letter of apprication

YOUR ACS GET RESULTS!

N ...

MS. WM 36 6

Into B&D S&M C&B whips, toys boots. Fr A/P Gr A P 69 susp 501 fevis and ball work No FF scat, WS drugs damage Phone a must Travel BOX 32 6

HOT, HORNY WHITE MALE Versatile (Top or bottom) seeks others. into faciling fishing rimming sucking d Idoes. SAM W S poppers Levis leather boots Am 27 150 lbs 51110 in with short brown hair brown eyes beard, moustache No fais, lems blacks Bridwell Box 12348, Atlanta GA 30355-2348

HOT HANDSOME MAN 5 11" 33 176 165 Seeks big cocks to beat deep holes to FF Beat P Tits to prerce, chew & shave-- big oil. doe takers & hairy bodies a plus-TVI - U.S.& Europe Your photo gets mine Box 3547

HOT, HANDSOME, ATHLETIC Clean man into mutual ass play Includes enemas FF and diddes

seeks same W M 34 5'11" 145 brn/ 5 Je, moustache Box 3625 .

**C3 COBCRAH** WM 33 511" 165 lbs masculine & athletic Fr A. P. Gr A. P. Digs levis, unforms reather wresting rope, swealy wolk-outs, seeks lean or well defined aggressive man. No fems fats, FFA. scal heavy pain. Send details to MSI

### IDAHO

WANTED BOY FRIDAY

Box 8281 At anta GA 30306

W M— mascakne— slim build 18 to 25 for W. M. DAD 46 yrs. 6.4" 185 lbs Brown eves and hair to "come" relax and enjoy ife and love in north courtry PANHAN-DLE in Idaho, Please no Drugs, Fats or Hangups Send etter and photo to R R FIELD: P.O. BLX 1358, PREST RIVER DAHO 83856

### ILLINOIS

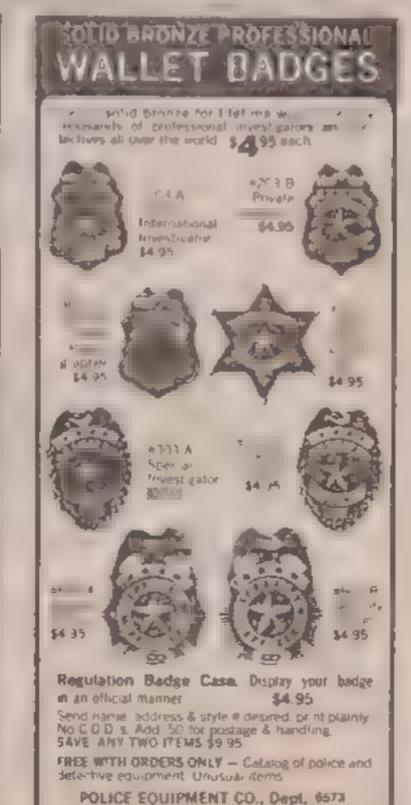
ENEMA ASS SLAVES

2 Masters seek hot naughty boys under 30 to completely surrender their ass. You must be willing to submit to total complete submission, bondage. hamitation and to accept spankings diapers, shaving and all forms of Gr/Fr demanded of you. And ols of o diashi oned soapy enemas that will make you squirm, beg, cry First-timers and novice welcome- I m is respected Send expocit application with photo for prompt reply 80x 3237

**GERMAN MASTER** 

Hairy men in need of discipline apply to lough but calling German (handsm. blond, blue, hung uncul) Photos are essent at Novices OK P 0 8 6262 Che cago (L 60680)





7471 Metrose Ave., Los Anguios CA 90046



For layers from 860 JWH 450 Br ar #8K, Chicago, IL 60657

YOU CAN NOW LIST YOUR PHONE NUMBER \$? VERIFICATION:

GOODLOOKING, HOT

W M 24 seeks same Warm my ass with your hand or paddle. Send photo with fantasy. Box 3636

HOT W M MASTER Likes slave 18-35 for B D W S C BT Liwork, No scat, non-harsh or use drugs Box 1 Warsaw JL 62379

ATHLETIC WELL—BUILT GUY
26 Wants to dominate and humilate
you publicly (bars baths bookstores
Of hik my piss and kiss my ass in front
of other guys. Write groveling letter
Chicago. Box 3617

DOMINANT BRISTER

W M 6' 175 seeks M that knows what its about, ght to heavy respectful of tmits, no bad as fals or fems Photo and reffer to ing all about yourself Broomington area Box 3629

### KANSAS

WM 28. 6', 180

Short brown hair beard, stock in NE kansas, seeks contacts anywhere Prefer over 30 hairy heavyset Like rubber and uniforms but you need not Please no married sum clean shaven demented. Box 3517

GK P FR W M 5'10 175# Bill (316'669'8665 Hutchinson, KS

A K.C. AREA

WM 36 5 11" 185 Seard, mostly bottom Gr. Fr. humiliation, no pain scal. FF WS Box 23031 KC MO 64141

### LOUISIANA

LEATHER POLICE UNIFORMS
New O leans WM 35 Leather Police
Uniforms, boots, BAD S&M Seeks
same Am furned on by touch smell
laste and feet of Leather High brack
boots, Full police uniform and gear I
seek a few discreet men into the same
Occas by travel Box 1579

OUR ADS GET RESULTS!

### FANTASIES FULFILLED

What turns you on? Let's do it into most hot wet raunchey scenes. W M 47 it m 158 this imbustache brin eyes bits hair Ringed: frenum, guiche Smoke & aroma. Any race Masculine only Phone Bill. (213)876-5911

W M 37 6' 170 LBS, BR Bt Seeks correspondence with men 30-40 interested in sharing fantasies experiences, philosophies or just hat letters Photo gets mine P.O. Box 2304 New Orleans LA 70176

### MAINE

GREATER PORTLAND
WM 21 New to sex, needs good teacher
Open minded. When can we get it

Open minded When can we get it together? Bax 3649

### MARYLAND

MACHO W M 30

Bloe/ Blue, BB whips your ass fill its red and burning then locks it endiessly with his 6 of super thick cock, MD VA DC area or farther away (with assist ance). Write to Butch, Box 3651

### **MASSACHUSETTS**

BONDAGE SLAVE

WM 66. is looking for a young master 23-35 with 6° or more of ancut cock to service. Am French active and Greek passive. No drugs. FF S&M or pain, just bondage Plymouth Area, but am retired, can travel anywhere AMTRACK goes. Your nude photo gets mine. Box 2025.

CAB PAIN BSD for 18-23 slaves Cal (617) 256-

SONDAGE SLAVE

To a young master age 21.28 No whips, F.F. Pain Drugs or S&M only Bondage Let me suck your cock balls, tits and ass whitein bondage. Let me get fucked by you and your friends in the mouth and in the ass at the same time. Your nude photo gets in ne. Am free to travel. Lets hear from you young maslers. Box 3606.

> EASY INSTRUCTIONS DYNAMITE RESULTS:



### RESULTS THAT WORK!

# NEW! PASSIVE EXERCISE THE EFFORTLESS WAY OF EXERCISING!

While staying Always Tan, you can now keep in shape. Computers electronically work your muscles the equivolent of 650 Push-ups, 650 Sit-ups and 650 Leg Lifts! Ask about our complimentary offers

# always tan & trim

550 castra street, san francisco, ca 279 newbury street, boston, mass Photo by Joe Altman

626-8505 236-4363

### HARD MALE/MALE

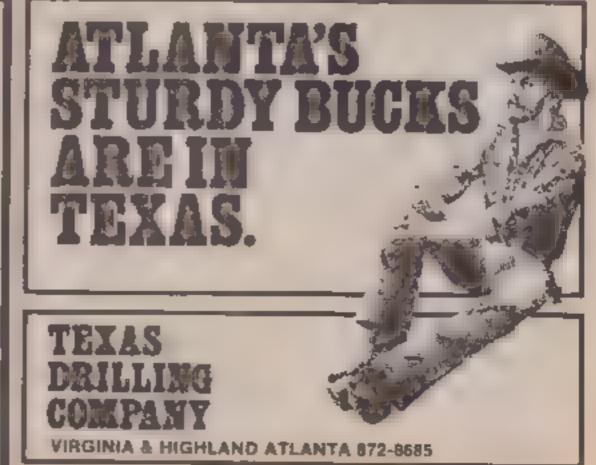


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STUDIO-7 P.O.Box 681-X San Luis Rey CA 92068 0681

PAZKIZG



HOUSEBOY/VALET WANTED GWM's 18-21 only into total domination call (L. (617) 256-2968

> SAM COUPLE SEEKS TO BE SERVICED

By Submissive staves who need total domination from 1 or 2 Masters Sis 29 6°, bloade, hot & horney fooking for hunky study to train Mis 30 6° & begs to serve & please you and my Master Applicants must be hung harry chested wimustache 25-40 into S&M B&D WS FF VA. Whips & Spit Boston & NYC areas. Submit photo & expicit letter Box 3618

BIG TITS

interested in hearing from other nipple and foresk in freaks with into on nipple enlargement, foreskin stretching and restoration Exchange photos and fech niques. Box 3609

HOT BOTTOM

W M 456 180 LBS Wants have chested exect to fuck my face, ass, talk dirty spit, plas enemas. Also in a mutual aunch with right guy Long term relationship possible with right top. Box 3617

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK RIGHT HERE!

### MICHIGAN

HAIRY AND HORNEY
35 white 5'10" 150# solid AAP F A G
Nude ful photos answered first P 0
80x 203 Wai ed Lake Michigan 48088

### **MINNESOTA**

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

TW N CITY MASTER 39 with seeks permanent slave houseboy who needs to be owned. Prefer young (however all considered), to mile or muscular clean or mile a submissive and ready for

### OUR ADS GET RESULTS

slavery in mind Novice okay will train if you know you were meant to be a slave write submissive, groveling letter now and don't forget to include a photo Box 3251

**GAY MALE WOULD** 

Like to meel older men for bondage and SSM also for all good fluck scene Bearded harry muscular men a plus Tielme up and ride! Box 3623

### MISSOURI

NAKED CHAINED, SHAVED

Kansas City Tattooed S. 45 62" muscolar 185 7" wants siender man-slave 20 30 to be kept naked, chained and shaved for total and permanent SAM Hestyle Apply with photo Box 3129

MILITARY TRAINING

3 Military Drill instructors will adminisfer discipine physical training, cell confinement. & prolonged immobile restraint in a realistic military atmosphere for weekend or week long sessions Sale sane discreet and manifored confinement for Boot Camp Stockade or POW training Mummits cation, sensory deprivation, controlled breathing Situations also available Individual or buddy system entry. No FF Scat Drugs Fee required References available. Address Serious Inquiries to Training Center Information P.O. Box 572 Bridgeton MQ 63044 All rep-Los answered (314-867-7233)

TIT TORTURE BALL STRETCHING Beatings diddes asshole eating—use me for your pleasure Good tooking and hot P 0 Box 27872 ST LOUIS MO h3146

WHITE CHUBBY BEAR Seeks white chasers hunters Almost all scenes Photol POB 4422 KC MO 64177

### **NEVADA**

RENO

G.W M Wants to serve hot dudes visiting or passing thru— your wish— my command—P O Box 60586 Rano 89506 or (702)329-2849 after 6.30

### **NEW JERSEY**

**NORTHERN JERSEY** 

W m 43, 6.2°, 185 lbs. hairy knowledgeable, masculine dominant and aggressive Master yet quiet straight acting and appearing seeks slave 25-35. for permanent live-in relationship Muscular body a plus Willing to train novice to my ways. Will respect i mits. No hard or rull stuff, No drugs tats fems or phones. Box 291

NEED DISCIPLINE?

ceather guy will lay on his well-used belts and straps on round firm buns. If your firm, slim or muscular, 20-35 get in touch 1 m 46,57°, 135% experienced and stem but sens bie. Have a firm muscular body (not 8,8), havry chest. No GR. IF For scal, But other fun and games for eager bottoms. Have house in Jersey City, 30 minutes from Christopher St. Alan. Box, 3632.

TRUCKERS/ HARD HATS/ COWBOYS

36 6' 160# offers insaliable assite 8' or more (201)377 5905

Groves cigars, lattoos, and bikes I mooking for someone who s looking for me. P.O. Box 4379, Warren, NJ 07060

### **NEW YORK**

WAY OUT SAM

Given to bot body young experienced of the Maste St. Maste St. MyC 10036

Correctional facilities for disciplin no young aspling Bondage Slaves A strict but decent Custod an supervises caged confinement & woodland exposures, employing Pil pry Strait jacket tetters etc Body shaving prolonged restraint hum nation imposed. Also projeasant chastisement when necessary for behavior control Meavy S&M pain FF Scat NOT approved Pr soner simils & responses, both mental & physical, closely monitored. Mutual trust respect encouraged. Long term stavely considered. Phyto necessary sent with tionest dign I ud application to The Warden 335 W 11 NYC 10014

**LI-NY BONDAGE STOCKADE** 

Genwich Village Experienced S w m. 48 59° 175 bs uncut shaved head strong Leather Master seeks slaves innvice to we I-trained for ong, not sessions. Must have end itance crave pun shine it in chains. Med um to heavy S. M. B.O. etc. No scal. My motio sane S. M. intense not brutal erotic not echiess, firm but affectionale. If your head shight write appropriate letter now. No fems. fats. takes

ATTENTION SLAVES

Manhallan Master 36 6 4" 190 bs with slaver 32 6 3" 170 bs Buth are muscular blonds and altractive. You are also muscular and altractive and need to be trained and owned as a second slove Applications, without detailed resume and photo will not be considered. Box

MASCULINE LEATHER HOLE very handsome Leo 88 26 66\* 205# blood smooth Big hungry butt throat for long exploring sessions FF teather bitwork piss loys S&M many things if approached with right atti-

### Mark I. Chester Photographer



Photos on view by appt. (415) 621-6294 12 noon - 10 p.m. ONLY P.O. Box 42501 San Francisco, CA 94101



### HERPES

### BREAKTHROUGH

BOX 185R

Portland Oregen

A breakthrough in the treatment of herpes has occurred HYRPEX a new healing skin cintment formulated by V cachem) has produced amazing results. Users report complete arrest of the virus process when HERPEX is applied after themse degeneration has begun (even with anyone sitm seams and pain present), relief occurs within minutes and healing proceeds rapidly HERPEX is without doubt the most effective treatment for herpes symptoms available.

This non prescription gel doutains a number of natural ingredients whose effectiveness is well documented in the treatment of herpes. These include the amino acid lysine, lithium chloride kind mekerelin and comfray Based on research in diverse beauth fields ranging from tissue physiology to immunology development of HERPEX was interded to promote normal healing processes white aiding the natural immune response locally. The result is this outstandingly effective treatment it works.



HERPEX can be obtained for \$.4.95 plus \$8 shapping and handling by man Order from Breakth rough Product Research, into PO Box 10887 Portland. Oregon 97210 or by phone Call ton free 1.800-838-2248 er: 556, in Kansas, 1.800 %62-242, ext 558

lude Your hot experienced together Harry muscles a special turnon. Train meliguide meliead me to new levels through trust & espect not violence or humit about line ude photor phone. Your place Box 3338.

**NEW YORK CITY BOTTOM** 

W.m 57 135 lbs. brown hair brown eyes moustache hairy Hot ass wants to be bound & fucked. A so into B.D. W.S. shaving spanking light S.M. snemas, polaro ds. loys. Seeks patient & understanding topman to each and help me expand my limits. Must be 25-40, good, body. attractive. Photo & phone appreciated. Box 3373.

(212)672-1010 TOP INSATIABLE JKSN HTS. QNS

with 6 160 bro bro You now know all you need to know about this insatia big top, who slatways looking for true bottoms, short of talk bulliong on their capability to absorb both unlimited verbal 8 physical abuse Having worn both the green of the army as well as the big of the navy will obviously give pleasence to to mer members of the military and or marked slobs, who realize his their preords need destiny in the to receive cock as oppose to giving it. Box 338

W'M 36 145 LBS

With offic experience seeks Master to their hody and must for this pleasure and or dymant. We consider permanent scavery. Prefer tall no ponsense Master to help reach for librarities obeing the 15 and 80x 34x.

MEN OVER 40

Age and strength deserve respect WM 28, 54" 135 dk hr bid hry musc new to NYC innxp but with sks WM 40-top/master bid hry (pref) musc for

reg tring sessions. Spend 20 cents and 10 minutes. I'm worth it. Box 3344

MOTORCYCLE LEATHERMAN
Let's have leather sex on and off our
bixes. Slaves invited if you can take
880. C88T. TT, SM. WS. etc. Novice
will be trained. Men from areas of NY
CT. NJ. MASS. Write me with details
and photo. Box 3035.

SPITOON BOOTWIPE URINAL

Drooting deviate dog grovels for beer
drinkin' digar-smokin assikich n

ex-con to let slurps copsize ke feet biker-built for public
humical on relarded dude is Daddy's
queer boy lorever Am rear tough real
dirty real hung short lean blond
wistash Filthy letter wiph gets same
Sirt First ad NYC Metro Box 3535

#### YOUR ADS GET RESULTS!

NY-BONDSERVICE

Handsome forthright Aryan older brother Bondage addict gives or takes prolonged restraint correct onal discipline using serious equipment in provocative surroundings. Fantasies realised with imaginative integrity Photo ABSOLUTELY necessary & reciprocated by BONOSMAN PO Box 663 N x 1/2 x 1/2

MID HUDSON VALLEY
Masculine bearded master 33 6 160
bs with hot dungeon and thick cock
will restrain you and explore your limits if you're hot trim and under 35
Reply with Photo and Phone # J Miller
156 Wall St. Kingston, NY 12401

NEW YORK CITY

I am 33 57 140 bs brown hair and brown eyes submissive bottom maninto most scenes except heavy pain scat and F/F Seek top man, 30-40 Box 33/3

RUBBER BOOTS

hipbooted W M seeks men who wear hipboots chest waders raingear gasmasks at work and play tiremen. Itshermen sewermen Let's get logether to J O and piss in our gear (212) 662-0447

CAPTIVE MUSCLEMEN

¿Zeus publ bondage— coarcion scenes) Seek athlet of masour musc 8 B s Into etaborate verbal rough man-to-man B&D feading to your cock/ balls/ bits/ ass being chained whipped, clamped, stretched biled waxed used any way your master? captor sees lit forcing you to admit what you really are! want, beg for Mirrors, rack, fitthy dungeon await your capture & humiliation as Hercutes! Farzan by strong demanding imaginative gladiator/ sex master Photo phone address detailed description of what you're man enough for required. Apply now for night of your ife his husbe st takest tems. Box

HOT P SS SLAVE

W M 32 5 8" 160 ibs muscular seeks uncul piss master. A so bondage Novice to S. M. no heavy pain must respect limits Hungry ass into toys. No SCAT heavy SM. Reply with photo (required) - description of your landages. Box 3564

CIGARS

Cigar smoking tops wanted Box 3885 Haitford CT 061

YOUR ADS GET RESULTS! STEVE GARRETT'S WESTERN OUTPOST

Cowboy geat & western gifts for the cowboy & cowboy at heart. All gear custom made at reasonable prices. Steve Garrett's Western Outpost. Box 6221. Albany N.Y. 12206.

DRUMMER #59" DRUMMER #59"

Will the mode whose photo appears on page 90 of this issue (You Asked For It) prease contact the undersigned Reason? Obvious+ Thanks, Box 4033, MYC 10017

IN SEARCH OF OLDER MEN? LOOK R GHT HERE!

UNIFORM LEATHER MASTER

from 45, requires guy who understands discipline and submission as virtues and is prepared to bare his ass and bend his back in my service through strength, not weakness, in a world that is soft and disorderly. Box 3622

WANT TO GET FAT?

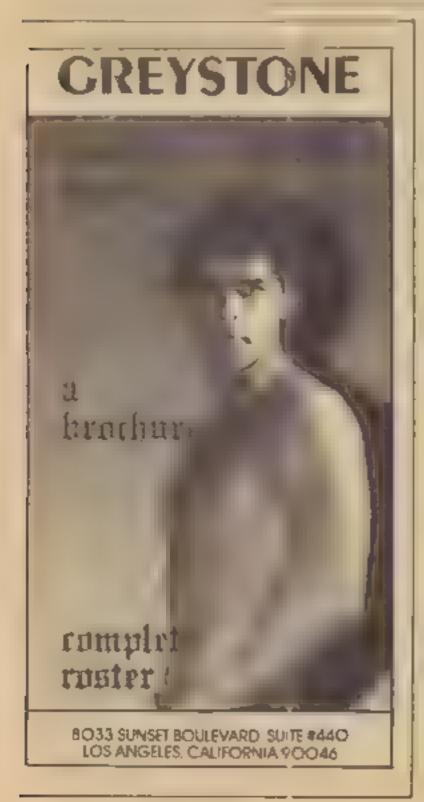
60°, 25, 170% stud seeks guy nto weight gain 11 you ready want a whopping 48° - gut hanging out over your pants (80x 3619)

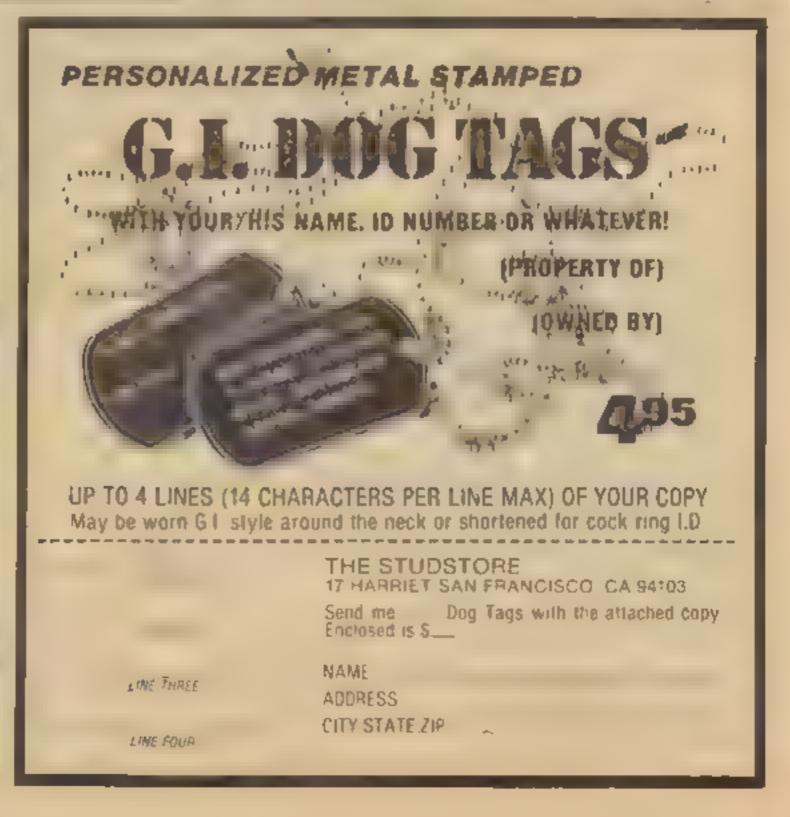
CLASSY B&D NYC/WORLDWIDE

Be styrish Assume Correctional Custody of an intel pent altractive adult. Anglo-Saxon, pukka batman who'll stand at aftent on when not confined and securety restrained. Strict discripine and expert training will widen my horizons and heighten your satisfaction. Sir Tie me try me Appointments open for prei minary interrogation, plus imposition of nonjudic at punishment. Article 15 JCMJ) at Office Hours. Box 3092.

TRIM ATHLETIC BOTTOMS

Are required to strip down to their tight ny on briefs for examination prior to disciplinary lessons by quiet stim 5.11° W. M. 37, who trains you how to serve his pleasure and earn his respect. Box 3611





EXTRA CHUBBY SEEKS SLIM

GWM's into W/Sills raunch and possible scat Write P 0 8 565 N. w York

ROUND ASS

Kinky devil worship getting high tight pants, heavy v.0. 30, 6'2" 235 212,974 1176.

MASTER W W 37

5'8" 170 lbs seeks slave lotal tody and tollet service you will be kept naked and chained no limits no excurses apply with photo & phone Box 28 North Hackersack, Station, Riveredge, NJ, 07661 When I call you will obey

N Y C.—WANT HEALTHY
Hairy guy 18-40 for J O etc. Scenes
Must have big cock & be bottom black
or white Ambland 6FT 170 be smooth
good boking 49 year old 2-15 hear
from you now! Box 3644

LONG ISCAND

Hot, but selective, mouth to service young hung stations 18-30 Satisfac Lon and discretion assured Marrieds we come Box 3642

TOILET MOUTH SCAVE

Wants serious tops looking for grub-hound book owing pig into pies scat rimseal sucking cigar spit, shot feet animals, hot wax, bitwork, pudding face-slapping leather rubbers, bithy socks and looks and more know you're out there but my brow i hanky doesn't seem to catch that special lopman. You know who you are and now you can find me your pig a ave at (212)683-8517.

### NORTH CAROLINA

MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

There are many men who wan to be a slave but cannot I nd the guts o do so Most of you who have called or written wasted my time. Some of you were serious but lazy. Some of you STILL stook a master! And a still seek a slave-

for obed ence, Total commitment punishment (when needed) and love (when earned) I am DEADLY S RIQUS' And so are YOU! Now DO semething about I CAI Randy (704) 324 465, or write to 1305 11th Avenue, S E Box 24 Hickory NC 28601

COUNTRY 80Y

29 6'1" 185 lbs Blonder Blue attoos Marine looking into leather and hot sex Seeks 18 to 35 masculine poking men, uncul preferred not a mulit Send photo for response PO Box 3:8 Pine Level N.C. 27568

### NORTH DAKOTA

RANCH/RODEO COWB DY

24. W M Cowboy 150 5'9' needs another Cowboy for leather act on Brn Blue eyed Cowboy into all Cowboy gear including chaps boots, sours gloves levis, half & rubbing leather clad crotches. Versatile ready for any action with another Cowboy on y Cowboys reply to C.R., Box 87 Mandan North Dakota 58554

### OHIO

CLEVELAND

29.5 11" 160 lbs hairy Ineed a sathertepman to expand my assito its limits WS FF TT scat possible pierring. No photo needed I will surpass your expectations Please nelude phone #in your answer for quickest response Box 3156

C NCINNATI

LEATHERMAN, MOTORCYCLIST
41 likes the hot sme I of a man Harry
bodies, raunchey arm pits, sme Iy ass
Let's rim, suck piss kiss and fuck till it

all tastes and smets the same Your photo gets mine PiO Box 41326 Cinti Ohio 45341

W M. 27 6', 145

Seek topmen into tucking sucking dildos, hating bondage leather spankng paddles and it forture. No fats fems or scat. Son 36-4

### **OKLAHOMA**

OK CITY DADDY

45. 170 bs \$10 muscular wants submissive Daddy's boys into hot scenes SM B&D WS shaving and all other scenes considered. You name it you get it Phone/ photo to Box 2099.

RODEO COWBOY

W 5 10°, 150 lbs 25 ye goodlooking good body seeks other cowboys to get it off in tight little 50° levis big silver buckles, leather chaps and hot spurted cowboy boots. Cowboys, lets get together and rub leather leans, and boots. Need my light bulging crotch took care of Photos in triggen will get mine. Box 3115.

### OREGON

B G MAN

Top 40 Good look no hairy bearded 61° 225 lbs muscular will work your ass cock balls reppies & entire body & mind into BAD TT W S FF Recent photo with reply to Pete PO Box 42476 Portland Disgon 97

SLAVE WANTED

Master has private 40 acre mountain forest with comfortable home, very well equipped barn training room and stone waited did foor dungeon. Stave will live in leather uniform, and naked be trained and built in body mind and spirit Prefer well defined smooth body but right attitude and tearning capability is important. Master is hunky WM 510°—155. Photo mandilory with detailed application. Box 3302

6' 175# seeks from with for B D S/M nterest important not experience Photo Box 3612

### PENNSYLVANIA

REAL MASTER

Needed for heavy bondage total control. Weekend Corthnement and Discipline. Stave is 35 uptamed, able to travel to master's ocation Please send orders with phone & photo to P.O. Box 2091. Phyladelphia. PA 19103.

LOOKING FOR SON

W M 40 6 2" 8 - cut Looking for young son He must want love and good home into long sex. He should be interested in body building wishing to be in top condition. I will he piyou and relocate you write with photo. RAF 1205 Jeter Ave. Beth ehem PA 18015

BOOT LICK NG SLAVE

Needs to be owned by leather master 25-45 yrs. Let me high fire or scall for exocate anywhich fire or scall Paul Anderson P.J. ox 30822 Ph. la. PA. 19103

FF VIRGIN SEEKS

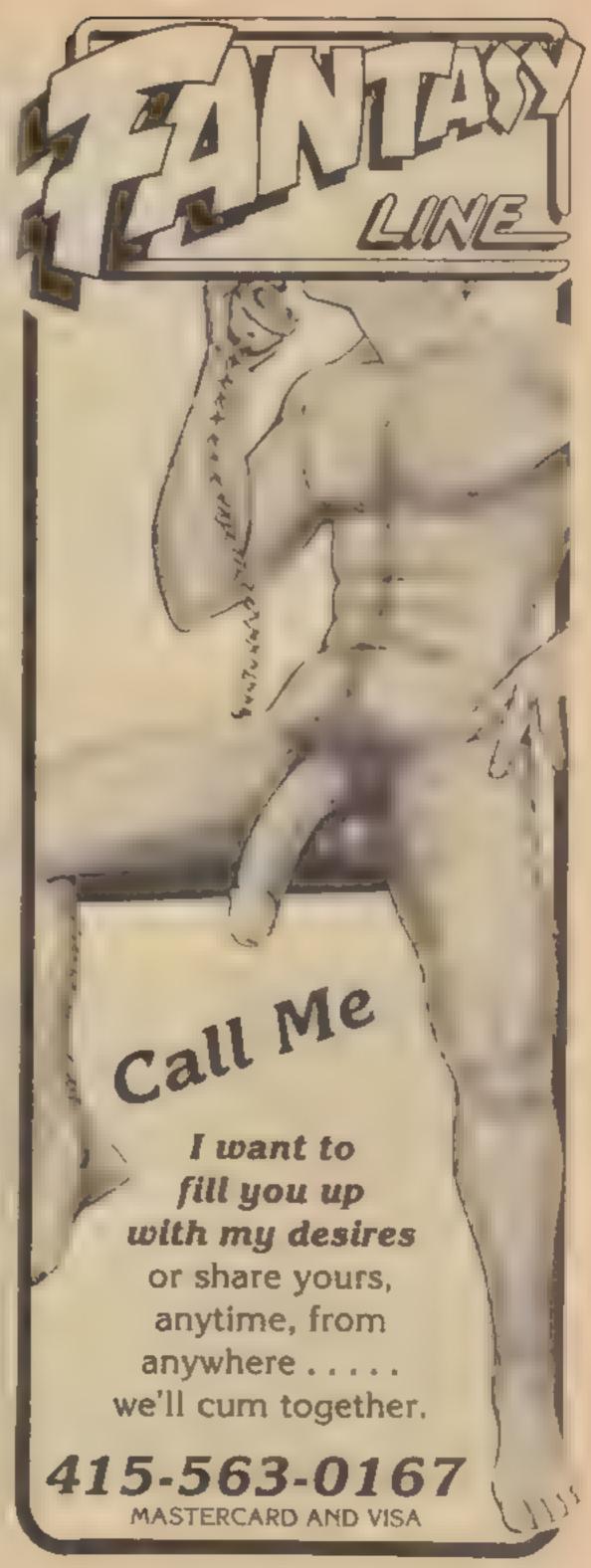
Experienced hand for grand opening 32 5'8" 150 Also A S & etc in W PA & eastern Ohio Age race etc nobarrier 80x 3621

WEIGHT LIFTER

Philadelphia MS Cancer 45 62 210 white 7 cock Masculine Weightliffer with 48 chest 34 waist Leather/ levimotorcyclist Bondage and other good times with masculine partners desired Box 23

PITTSBURGH, PA

Cute Gaddy's Boy Blonde, 28 Seek Gaddy- Lover, 30-45 years old Have



# BIG OFAL FROM DRUMER

# SIX PACK SALE \$15 BAKER'S DOZEN\$25



ISSUE 12

ISSUE 13



**ISSUE 14** 



ISSUE 15



ISSUE 16



ISSUE 17



ISSUE 18





ISSUE 21



ISSUE 22



ISSUE 23



' ISSUE 24



**ISSUE 25** 



ISSU€ 26



SSUE 27



SSJE 28



ISSUE 29



ISSUE 30



ISSUE 31



SSJE 32



SSJE 33



ISSUE 34



ISSUE 35



**ISSUE 36** 

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NAME

**ADDRESS** 

CITY\_\_\_

STATE Z P

Signature (You must be over 21,

Charge to my II VISA II MASTERCARD Cerd No.

Expiration Date

hot bottom that need attention. Larry 5505 Fifth Ave. Pgh. PA 15232

GRANDADDY FANTASY Write properly humble letter with pic if you wish use and abuse degradation. and hums at on Box 36-13

### SOUTH CAROLINA

TATTOOS?

Tattgood GWM 130 bs 5'7" 30's nice and seeks real men 18-40 interested in tatts eather bondage Photo piease Box 252 Pendie on S.C. 2967D

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to say man is diferested in locating a other natural man who readizes his need for a buddy who knows the honest gut pleasure— through trust— of discovering and sharing the touch ismed taste and sound only a man comfortable with himself can provide The energy I want to share is so basic and horiest, it seems lew gays know it exists, Long is ow mind-n soul facking is where it at begins 11 you too, need a man who I openly and proudly share what he knows and has you may have found your partner! I m 6 ft 150 bs 42 yes, groying black hair beard and moustache, with a natural uncut dick. that It hang a heavy 7 inches for the buddy that talks to it right Dig sweat hair holes hippies foreskin, lpswing in besself and other natural Colights If you reinforested and got the back to talk straight, shoot aloo bullshit mile my way Travel is possible Box 006

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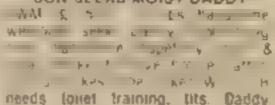
43 58', 150. Heavy piss, raunchy socks, and til action Photo required and exchanged. Box 3045

SLAVE(S) SON? LOVER?

Dominant versal le educated professional, w/m 47 5'11" 175# accepting applications. You must be mature mascubne, well-proport oned, will no to serve Any race or age. No drugs or drunks NOVICE OK - will be trainedlimits respected expanded? Send pic with needs desires uses work etc Hoolis- Houston Naked servitude? Permanent "ve-in possible, or I can travet MASTER BUD Also opening for a master Box 3329

TIGHT LEVIS AND LEATHER W 5 10" 150 lbs 25 ye good bady seeks others into tight fitten. Levis or black eather pants, boots and cycle jacket Lets get together and rub leather blits. hat Have cycle to travel Photo in leather oets mine 8x 3115

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GWM 35 5 11" 150 os wants slave to train Exp or novice OK. Letter and , note to SIR 5200 Maple Ave #338 Daras, TX 75235 or cal (214)528 7349

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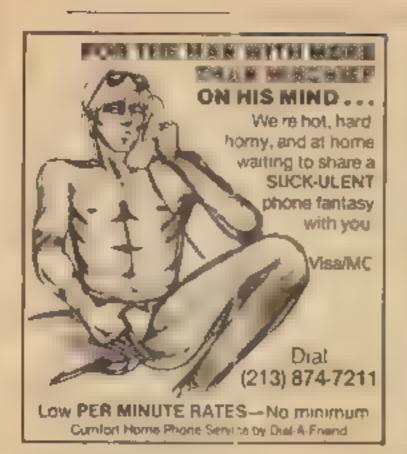


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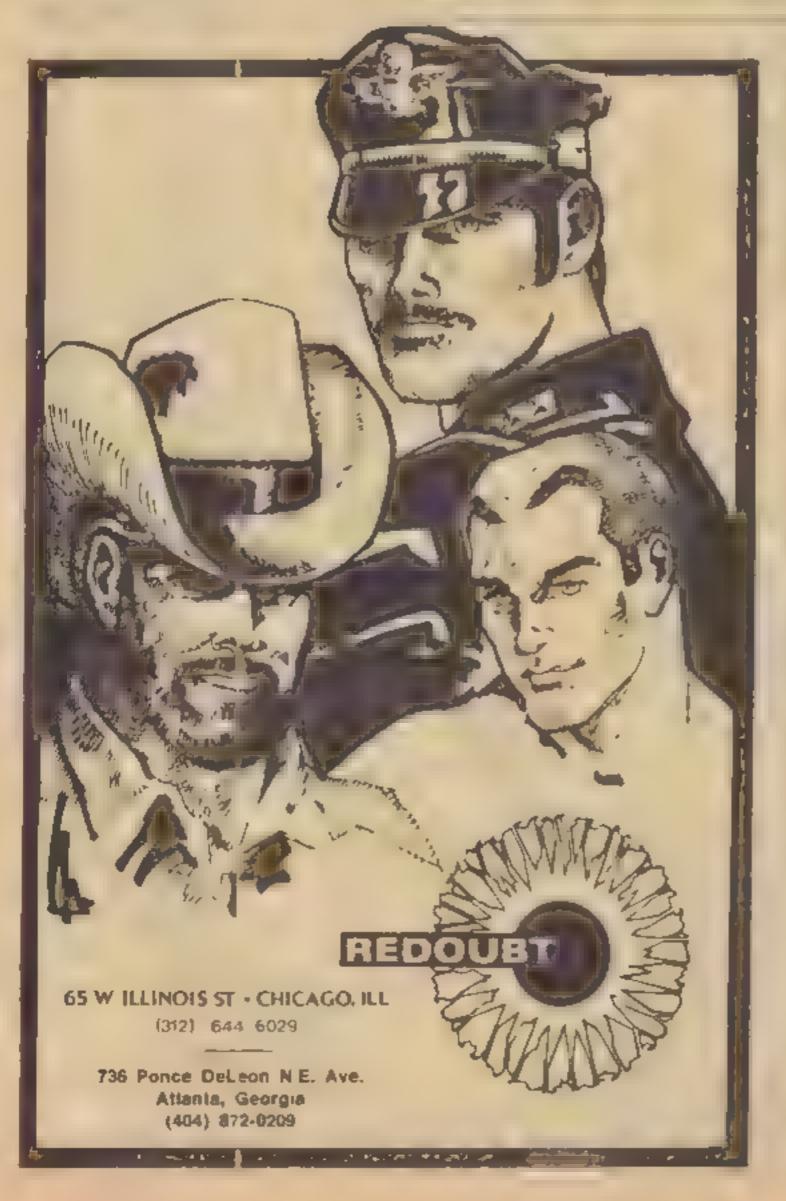
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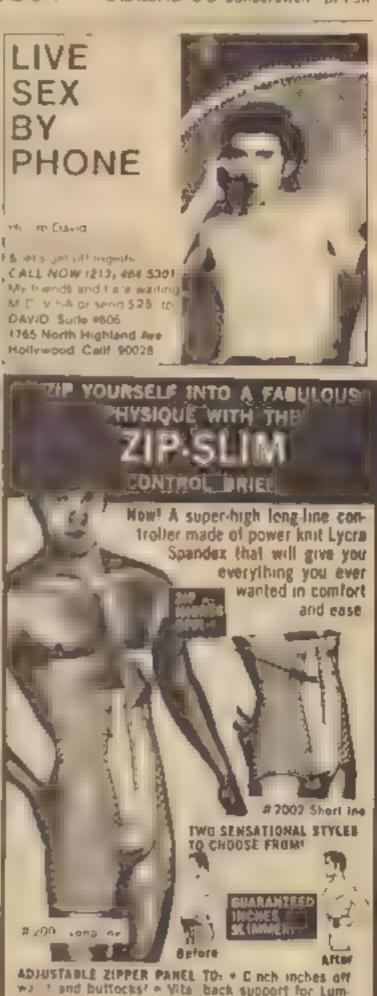
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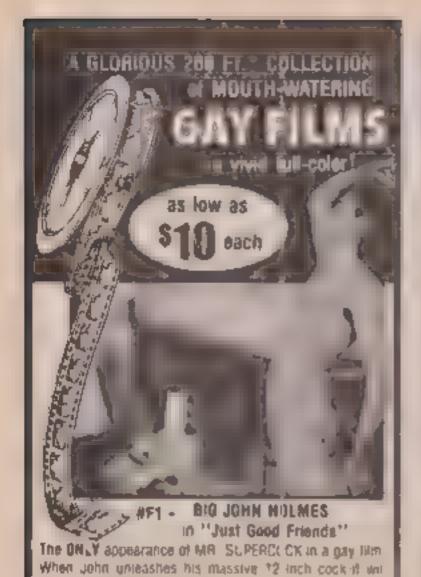
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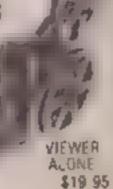
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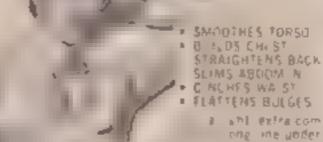
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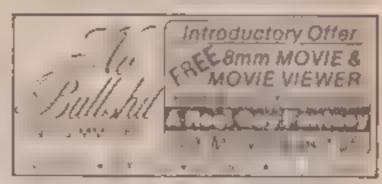
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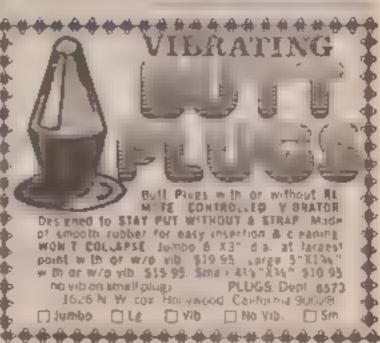
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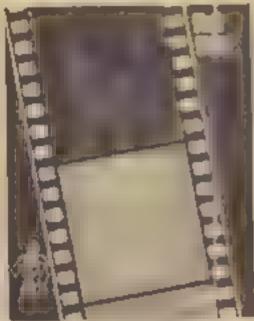
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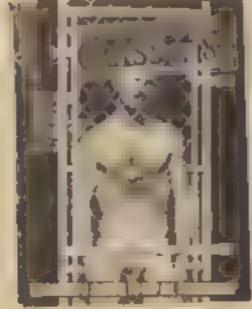
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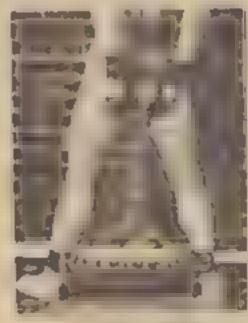
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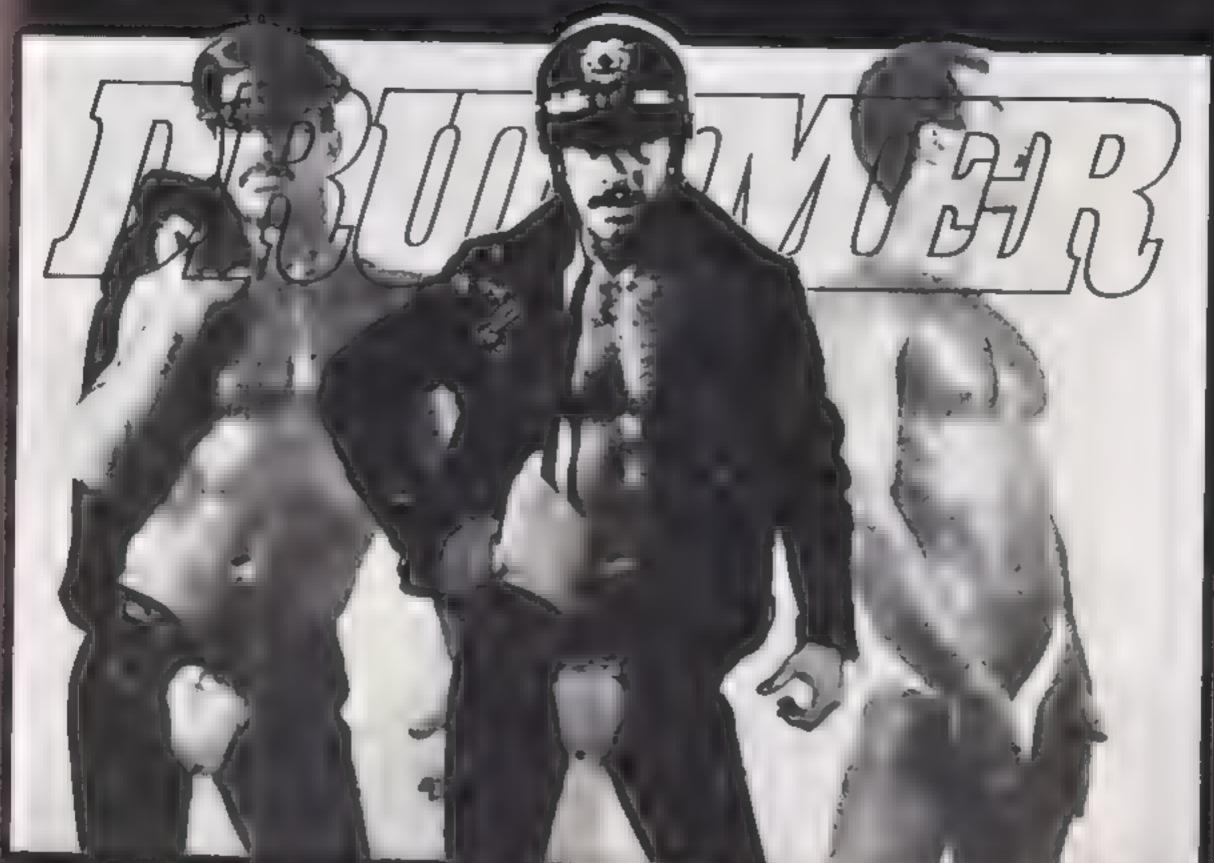
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May 14 MR. SOUTHWEST DRUMMER 1983 TEXAS DRILLING COMPANY (1026 N. Highland Ave. N.E., Atlanta, GA)

June 11 MR DRUMMER MID-WEST 1983 THE TRIANGLE (2035 Broadway, Denver, CO) A MAN'S WORLD (2402 St. Clair Ave, Cleveland, OH)

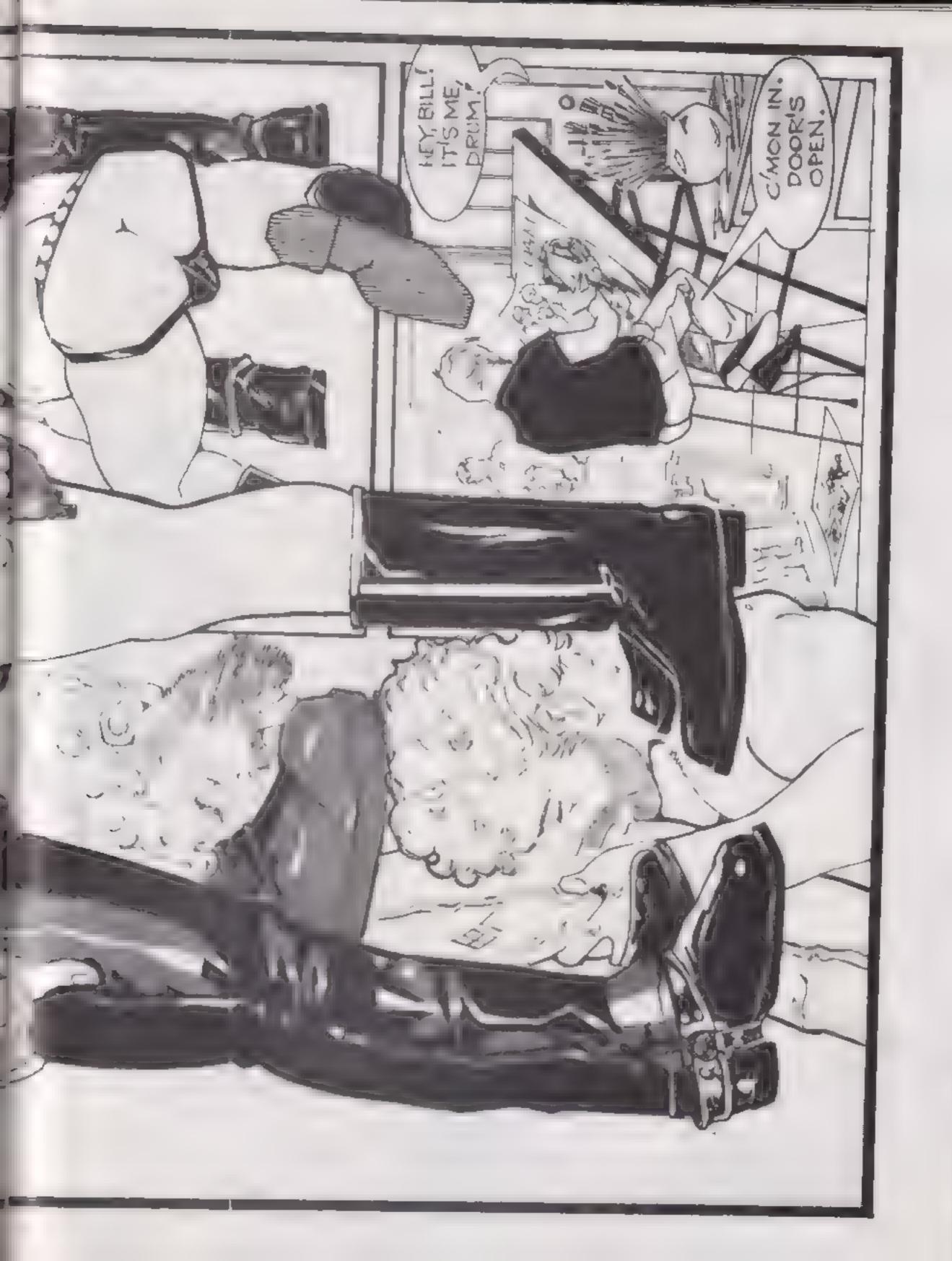
> June 23 Reception for the MR. DRUMMER 1983 Finalists THE BRIG (San Francisco)

JUNE 24 MR. DRUMMER 1983

TROCADERO TRANSFER

ALL FINALISTS COMPETING AT ONE GLANT PARTY!









# TOUGH CUSTOMERS



**TEXAS-SIZE ASS** 

Want to plow this spread pair? Want to whip it first? Then get ahold of T.C. No 1062; spreadeagte in Dallas, Texas



BUTCH

Top, bottom, B&D, S&M, leather, miltary scenes, very versatile, 36-5'10", 185 lbs., uncut, pierced, novice shaver located in the nation's capital. Anything e-se-you need to know: T.C. No. 1064



**GERMAN TONGUE** 

Deutsches slave with a busy tongue, 24 is coming to New York, and looking for a strong, bearded man with a lot of imagination to show me his town and have me serve him. I li clean his sweaty body with my tongue, lick his duty feet and asshole, and be his total slave. My English isn't too good, but a slave can be taught anything quickly. Ulrich Kretschmann, Wandsbeker Chaussee 162, 2000 Hamburg 76, W. Germany



**LOUISIANA JOCK** 

See ad in this issue of Drumbeats for Ron under Louisiana to find out why this man has two jock straps over his head



**NEW YORK MASKED MAN** 

This choice piece of beefcake is 29, 5'8", has blond hair and brue eyes, and comes without hood. His 140 pounds of solid muscle sport a set of tits, a pair of balls and a hole that are ready for a real sadist You take him slow and far in a most any trip. Tell him what you'll put him through, and he if send you a photo showing you his face. T.C. No. 1063



LOOKING FOR A COP? Mike of Michigan, who has shown his all off to you before in "Tough Customers," got so turned on by our specia Cops Issue that he decided to put on his



uniform and whip out his nightstick. No. you can't write to him-he's checking out the "Drumbeats" section and he'll get ahold of any possible violators, so watch out!





SWISS MUSCLES

This Swiss bodybuilder (208 lbs., 6'2", 8" cock and a muscular ass) is visiting the USA from July to August this year and would like to wrestle (no holds barred) with similar athletic guys. Loser gets his ass opened with dildoes, fists, feet, Aiso into whipping, eating ass, piss, tit torture, and bondage. Interested? Send photo and letter to: Andrew Buehlmann, Nordstrasse 59, 8006 Zurich Switzerland



**MUTT WANTS MASTER** 

White male, 33, 180 lbs., seeks life as dog with leathered master/ owner into heavy B&D, punishment. Seek to be coared, caged, controlled, kenneled used, tagged and kept as a dog for life. never again to be treated as a human being. Permanently No games. Must be willing and able to handle animal sately and sanely. KAI, c/o 540 O Farred No. 306, San Francisco, CA 94102. Can relocate

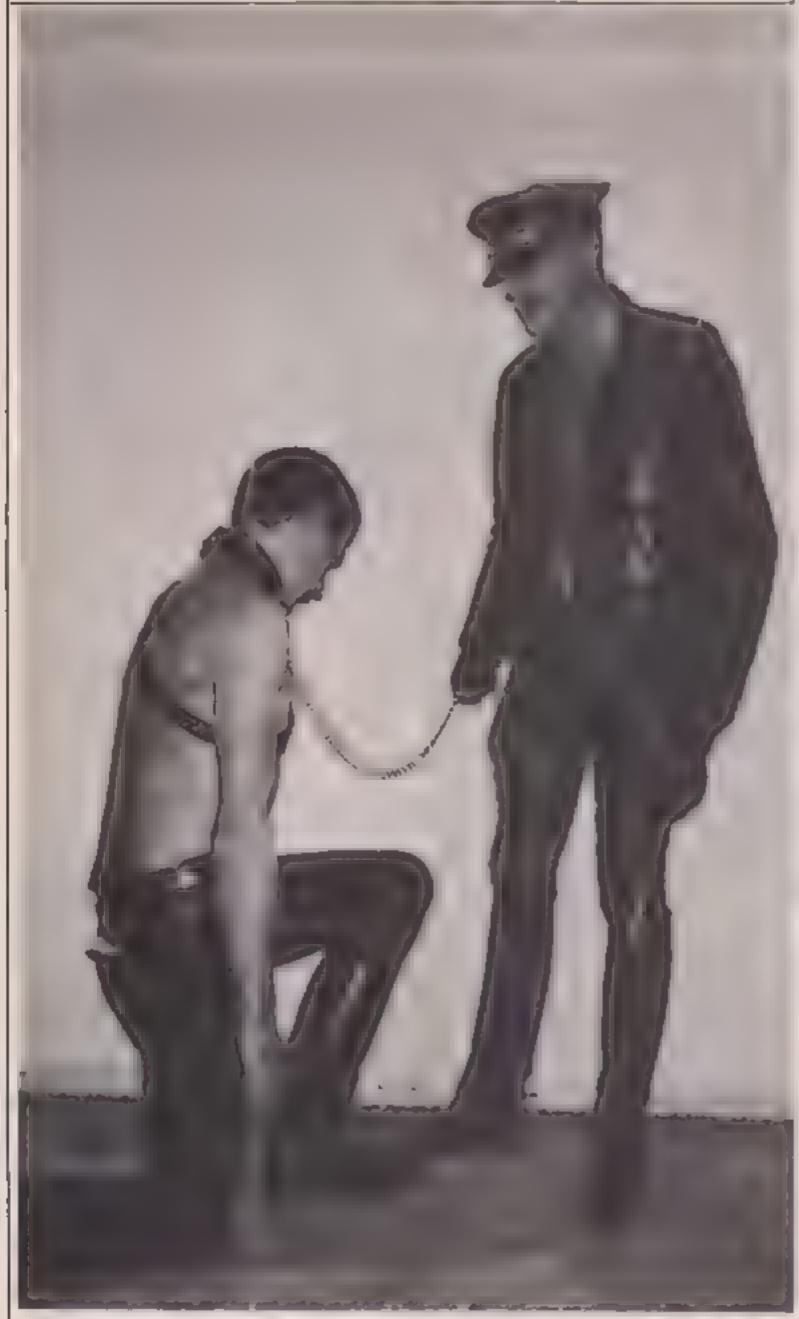


SHAVED FLORIDA MEAT This tough customer is into big ones (yours and his) and specializes in performing, you watch, adore and worship as he performs for you Shaving? C&B torture? Show him yours: John Stude, Box 181, Cocoa Beach, FL 32931

#### **HOW TO CONTACT A TOUGH CUSTOMER**

listed, then just drop him a line. If there is a T.C. number listed instead, then write him a letter, seal it in an envelope pencil on the front of the envelope. Put

If the Tough Customer has his address correct postage on the envelope fremember, mail outside the United States is currently 40¢ for each ½ ounce We will re-address the sealed envelope with your return address on it and the to the particular Tough Customer and Tough Customer number written in mail it on to him. Incorrectly prepared letters will be destroyed



#### **AUSTRALIAN TEAM**

German Master and English slave living in Australia are visiting New York and San Francisco in the summer and fall of this year and want to contact leathermen into piss, dirty assholes, whipping and other scenes. Check out their ad in Drumbeats under Germany



Italian man living in Amsterdam is tooking for a relationship with a nice, masculine man. A photo will get you a photo of the rest of: V Vincenzo, I-He mersstraat 333. Amsterdam 105LEE, The Netherlands

#### WANT TO BE A TOUGH CUSTOMER?

Want to show the world your stuff? Send a clear photo (black and white is best with a description and what turns you on. Sign the photo on the back, Include the information that you are 21 years of age. If you like, we Il assign you a coded reply number in case you do strike someone's fancy Send it to: Tough Customers/Drummer, 15 Harriet St., San Francisco, CA 94103



#### UNINHIBITED IDAHO

Yes, there are hot and horny studs in Idaho. If you're man enough to spend a night in the dungeon, send a photo and tell me what you're into {I'm into everything but scat). Come visit! T.C. No 1061

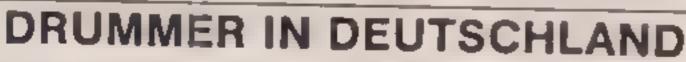


#### **POLIZIST**

38-year old West German into leather, uniforms, SM, TT, cock and ball torture, fisting, wants to meet hairy, hung American tops (with playrooms) during June/July 1983. Will take part in amateur films, videos, pose for photos Visitors to Germany welcome. TC No 1067. (Send letters by Air Mail)



While disciplining his teddy bear at the Tampa Airport, this tough customer realized that what he really wanted was to be raped by a cop. Any takers? TC No. 1066



In the April issue of Torso, a gay magazine published in Berlin, was this little note about a classified ad that appeared in a previous issue of Drummer: For anyone who does not know, April 20 is the birthday of the Fuhrer, thus the U.S. gays who put this classified ad in the gay magazine Drummer are preparing to celebrate A.H. (which means Adolf Hitler). They are probably planning an orgy with uniform freaks and SM disciples. Or is it just a gay Nazı who has been hoarding up in his home old swastika flags and other Nazi rubbish, whose hand is itching in his pocket, as he wants to use it for a 'German' salute? Whatever; fools never die out. We want to thank Torso for telling us what the classified ad was all about. We thought it was the annual birthday party for Ass Holes.





HOT DANISH BUNS

Danish slave available to well hung master. Butter these buns then plow into them with your cock or fist. Write to T.C. No. 1065

#### TIT CLAMPS AT AFFORDABLE PRICES

We now manufacture and have in stock 18 styles of tit and cock & ball torture clamps, with many more sty es to come! !

WE ALSO CARRY AND MANUFACTURE

- BANDANAS
- REGULATION HANDCUFFS
- BLACK HANDGLEFS
- HANDCLFF TIETACKS
- CHROME CHAINS
- LEATHER FOR EVERY OCCASION

Send \$2 00 for Catalog & Tit Clamp Brochure State Over 21 years of age

DEALER INQUIRIES WELCOME



Manufacturers of Quality Leather Goods And Accessories P.O. Box 10003, Minnespolis, MN 55440

(612) 424-2961 or 339-3996

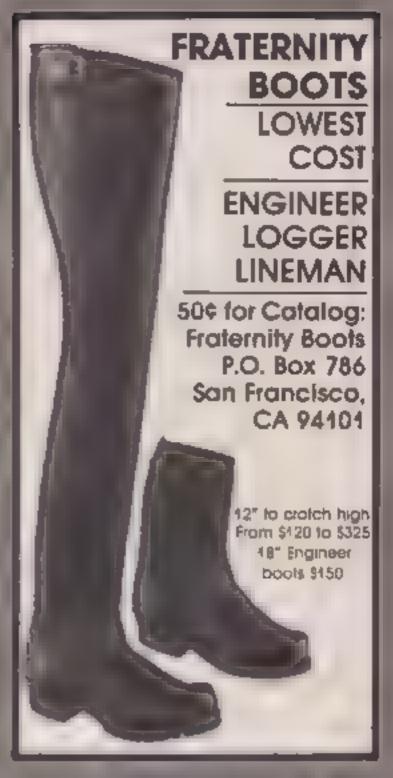
# Heavy Metal



SPEC ALISTS IN AUTHENTIC LAW ENFORCEMENT SUPPLIES ANTIQUE AND REPLICA MANACLES PRISON ROMS STRAIT JACKETS AND

LOCKABLE IRON HEADCAGE from \$220 incl. shipping fotters

895 Broadway New York NY10003



### THE DRUMNER SHOPER

#### BOOTS

20" Engineer Boots with Vibram Soles: \$170.00 Other Styles Available Catalogue 50¢

#### HOT BOOTS



#### AFCO BOOTS

The best supper maybreven the aggis of requation sality boots Write to Jim of Safco Boots

Box 23764 San Jose (A 95129

#### A TASTE OF LEATHER'S



#### **ULTIMATE LEATHER HOOD** with detachable blindfold and mouth gag



Refundable.



PO Box 26716 Dept D

Los Angeies, CA 90026

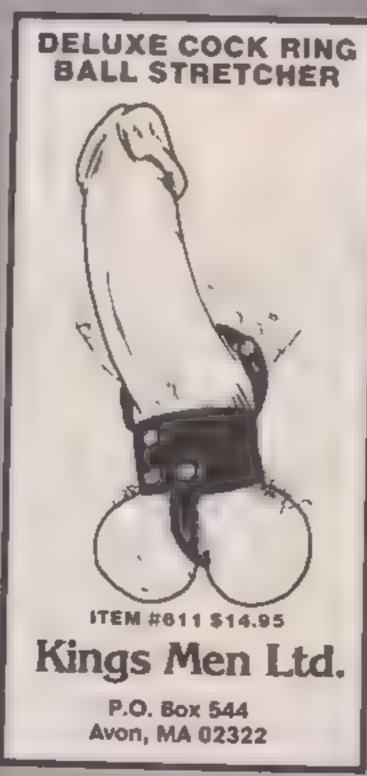


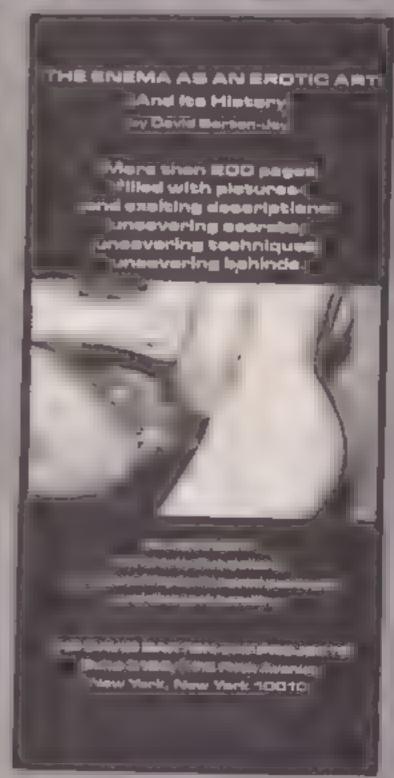




# THE DRUMMER SHOPPER







the cross to sexually satisfy him. Lyric beautiful, even ending in orgasm - a dream.

The second segment opens with Stacey, in a brief posing pouch, going through his flexing routine on a platform. Somewhere. The camera plays over this man's massive, scu plured phy sique. From somewhere... a man's hand reaches out and strokes one large tense thigh muscle. As the posing routine continues, the man, as lent, adoring observor, becomes more and more of the centerpiece until he is opening beating off while stroking and licking Stacey's powerful physique. But these are almost disjointed characters, the

finally, in the film's closing segment it is Cassidy who helps provide what Bruce Morgan, as the priest, searched for in the beginning, a masculine yet highly romantic pairing of two powerful bodies locked in a sexual embrace.

Loadstar is sexually tame by today's standards. The ordinary sucking and lucking of porn fare prevail. But its intention was something else entirely, and there it succeeds. Never before and not since have so many legit body-builders been involved in so much gay sex on the screen. So, as a historic porn document. Loadstar is a must. Section of this film were released in 8mm under the little California Supermen, the 8mm



man animated and flush with sexual desire. Stacey an automatic muscle machine that turns, squats, pumps, turns, frexes, stops Finally, with no emotional communication, the man climaxes

The scene changes dramatically, away from this posture of illusion and allegory. Jim Cassidy, a non-competition bodybuilder already known to gay porn audiences, is on a boat in France, watching the landside landmarks float past and recalling an orgy from, perhaps, the night before. The likes of Bob Birdsong (a former Mr. Universe), Jean Claude (a bodybunder/ wrestler with a television career). Dakota the man who came to symbolize the Colt look, Bruce Morgan and assorted others act out a series of sexual combinations and postures. The film jumps between Cassidy on the boat and Cassidy as the sexual servant to this wealth of iron men until it settles down into the tilm's longest, most complex sex scene

was an edited version of the third segment, called Bon Voyage in Loadstar, teaturing Jim Cassidy

#### JUDO- USAF STYLE

If you're a judo buff or a military training buff, you might be interested in a collection of 21 United States Air Force training films available as a single two hour video cassette. Titled Combative. Measures/ Judo. this cleared-forrelease anthology of training films covers a wealth of attack and defense positions, movements and strikes Filmed with military personnel as instructors and subjects, the films have that no-nonsense, gung-ho, middle-American quality that has come to typity the military training film. The 21 individual films are from the 1950-55 period and are in black and white. The twohour cassette (Beta or VHS) is \$100 postpaid from: The Film League, Box 12444. San Diego, CA 92112

John W. Rowberry



#### LHATERR BULLETIN BOARD

#### **BEEF ON THE HOOF**

The regional Mr. Drummer contests have begun across the country During the weekend of March 25-27, I judged the contest at The Woods on the Russian River along with Jim Cvitanich, former Mr. San Francisco Leather, John Ponce, east year's Mr. Northern California Drummer, Alan Selby of Mr. S Products, and Ray Schiep, former Mr. Russian River. Out of a field of 11 contestants, Paul Manenti became Mr. Northern California Drummer 1983. The growth of the popularity of Mr. Drummer had The Drum in Houston running its first contest at Numbers during the same weekend. David LeBlanc, a transplanted Texan from Boston, handily won the title of Mr. Southwest Drummer 1983. All of the hot leathermen will vie for the title of Mr. Drummer 1983 in San Francisco on lune 24

The Rocky Mountaine ars Motorcycle Club of Colorado will be having its Twe fth Annual Golden Feece Runduly 1-4 in the Rocky Mountains, For information write: The R M M C., Box 2629,

Denver, CO 80202

The Thuderbolts (Box 1997, Waterbury, CT 06722) are having their big 12th. Anniversary run in Springfield, Mass. on June 10-12. The run has become so popular in New England that they have sold out the accommodations, but D L. tells me that they may be able to find space for those who want to attend, if you are a leatherman is ng in the area don't miss it. Drop them a line at the above address and they'll do something to include you. Christ, there must be a cage in the dungeon where you can stay! Also, the T-Bolts support charities ike Save The Children which is a part of what all of us are about!

For you guys who are looking for your local clubs, here are a few who have been in touch with me and how you can contact them:

Wildcats M.C. of Norfalk, VA-PO. Box 11324, Norfolk, VA 23517.

Hid Country Leathermen- Attn. David McLaughlin, Back Street Basics, 611 E. 7th, Austin TX 28701.

Fiesta Run 1983 will leave San Antonio steaming from April 22-24. Five clubs are sponsoring the run: Tejas M.C., Hidden Door (Home of the CCMC), San Antonio M C., The Mustangs, and San Antonio Rough Riders. There will be a leather champion contest, bar poker run, hot 'n' 40 contest, and down 'n' durty denim contest. If you are interested, and who wouldn't be, you can get more information from: Fiesta Run 83, Box CP-72, Central Park Station, San

Antonio, TX 78216. There is another plus in this sort of run; guys who might be interested in joining a club have the opportunity of meeting the members and seeing the clubs who might meet their needs. You will have a ball-busting time with men who could become lifelong buddies

I have made mention of the Oktoberlest trip to Munich, West Germany at the end of September. We have been busting our balls, trying to put this trip together. I had hoped to have a group of 75 guys for the trip, but the travel agency says the group has to be limited to 55 Sorry about that, men! Manfred Stavenhagen of Zum Lohengrin in Munich is one of the people who is going to make the trip such a success. He hustled around with Caroline from the travel agency, getting rooms for the visitors, I



git a caltium Ber in where all end to d me that the word of Drummer's trip had reached there. Siegiried Hoffman of the ECMC plans to be there. The trip should be an exciting one. Sure, you don't have to go all the way to Germany to get your rocks off or to have a scene, although I'm sure there will be a lot of both if you are interested. There are going to be a number of parties, including the big meet of the Munich Leather Club which always brings guys from all over Europe into town. Besides trips to the Castle of the Mad King Ludwig of Bavaria (who happened to be one of us) and to Berchtesgaden, the retreat of Adolf Hitler (who wanted to exterminate us), there is the opportunity of good fellowship and lasting friendships. There will be a lot of other happenings and you will have plenty of free time to do your own thing If you're interested and want to go with us, find our ad in the magazine and let us know. I've gotten a lot of inquirtes and I hope to hear from you. The gala of Oktoberfest is worth it all by itself. Let me point out one thing that is absolutely forbidden on the trip and could sour the whole deal for you-hazi regalia. The

West German customs people will not only confiscate any Nazi emblems or material, they will fucking well put you back on the plane for the L5 of A and you won't even see the outskirts of Munich! Your leathers are in, your toys are out. The latter should be no probem, for one thing you can always find substitutes (that good heavy be t has other uses than to hold your pants up while a few neckties can serve to tie someone up, plus your own natura equipment). Also remember you will be deating with people who have their own

If you miss this trip, you will regret it, especially when Drummer comes out with the facts afterward Remember also, the German Mark looks good against the American dollar, which

wasn't the case a year ago

Some issues back, I asked you guys to send me some posters. The only responses were from The Crypt in San Diego and The Chute in Reno, Now that has got to be one of the shitties! responses that I have ever received. You must have thought that I wanted these posters to decorate my walls. It ain tool The posters will be going to Munich where they will be displayed. Get your fucking fingers out of your asses Leather in Europe has wanted to estabish relationships with American clubs and you know the Germans go to American leather bars when they come over here. Let's show a bit of class! I know the bike clubs and businesses out there have posters. Let them know who you are and where you are

#### THE FIRST GAY **RODEO IN COLORADO!**

The Colorado Gay Rodeo Association is planning it for June 3-5. Coal Creek Rodeo Park is where it will happen in Denver, which is on the north side of 6th Avenue East about one mile east of Buckley Road, Exhibition dancing will be held Saturday night on June 4 at the Rodeo's Downtown Headquarters, The Ramada Inn at 1770 East Colfax, Informatton on registration for competing or the Grand Marshall contest comes by tailing (303) 399-1986 between 6 and 9 daily MST, except Sunday. No registrations will be accepted after May 15. The Grand Marshall contest is of particular interest since it will raise money for the National Gay Health Education foundation, Inc. I get pretty flip about a lot of things, but this is serious and it deserves everyone's full support. If you can't attend, buy a ticket and give it to a friend who might not be able to afford it



#### MR. MISSOURI LEATHER 1983

Look out Chicago! Missouri, the Show Me State, has one hot contestant for the Mr. International Leather contest

This was the first Mr. Missouri Leather contest held in St. Louis. The Gateway M.C. brought off the event of the year,



an event which would have been impossible a few years ago

On March 4, the Gateway Saloon and the Connection hosted the events which led to the choice of Charlie Scheib as Mr. Missouri Leather. Clementine's, a nationally known levi/leather bar, sponsored Charlie. Nine other men competed for the title and they were all hot challengers

The advent of this contest, along with a slave auction which was a so he did the same time, says much about the growth and development of the leather scene in St. Louis. What is particularly important is that the Gateway M.C. had the balls to make it a success. Not only did the leather community support it but the entire gay community was behind it



Photos by Jack Bear

#### HOUSTON AND LEATHER

t all began on Thursday night, Feb. 3 when The Leather Works opened its shop in The Ripcord, Houston's hot new leather bar. Val Martin emceed a leather fashion show of topmen and slaves (see the photos). The bar was packed while guys from all over the area waited patiently for a chance to get inside Jerry Elam, The Ripcord's manager, and Keith Hayman of The Leather Works worked hard to make it a successful night

That was only the warmup for the big Let Us Entertain You! weekend Mario Simon and I were there from Drummer and had a very memorable time

The night I got in, The Leather Works had the grand opening of their main store on Montrose The place was crowded with shoppers and visitors from out of town. Guys came in from San Antonio, Dallas, Phoenix and points East. After the shop closed, we moved to a private party being given by Charles R, an associate member of the Chicago Hellfire Club

Ed H., president of Hellfire, along with Vince B., Chuck B., and Tony de B. came from Chicago to attend the Little Inferno. Other associates, such as keith H. of Houston and Ron B. of Midiand also attended and we all had a great time

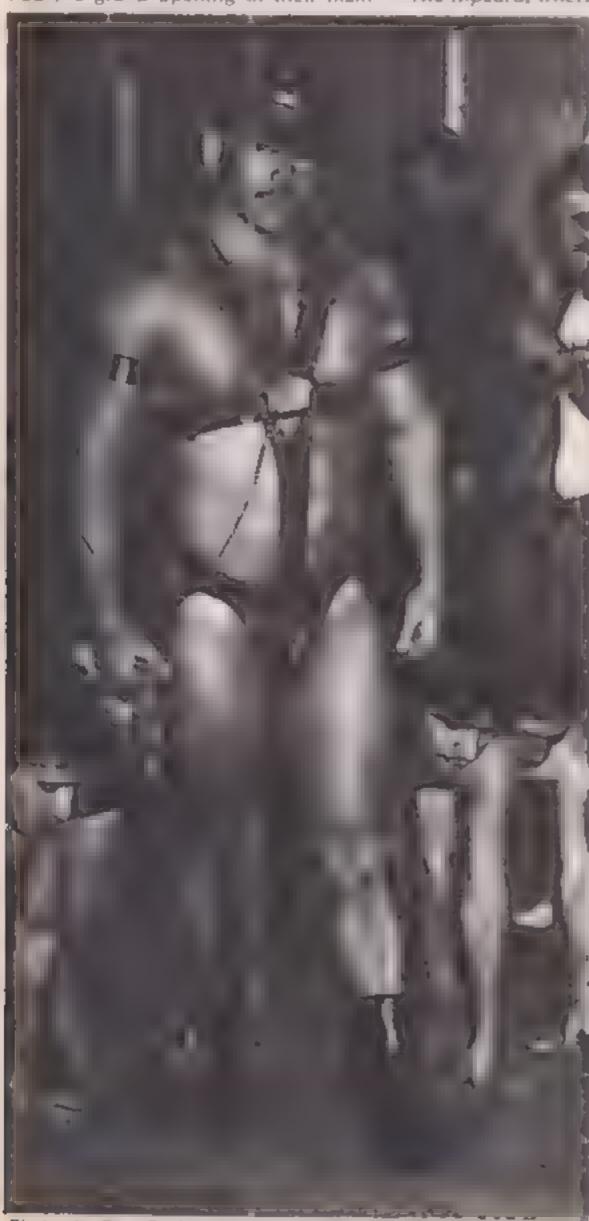
I made it around to the different watering holes, The Drum, Mary's and The Ripcord, where I found a different

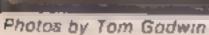
attitude toward visitors than I have encountered anywhere else. Everyone knew what hospitality was all about. I met Bill Bakey of The Drum and had a great time with him as well as bikers from the many clubs in and around Houston

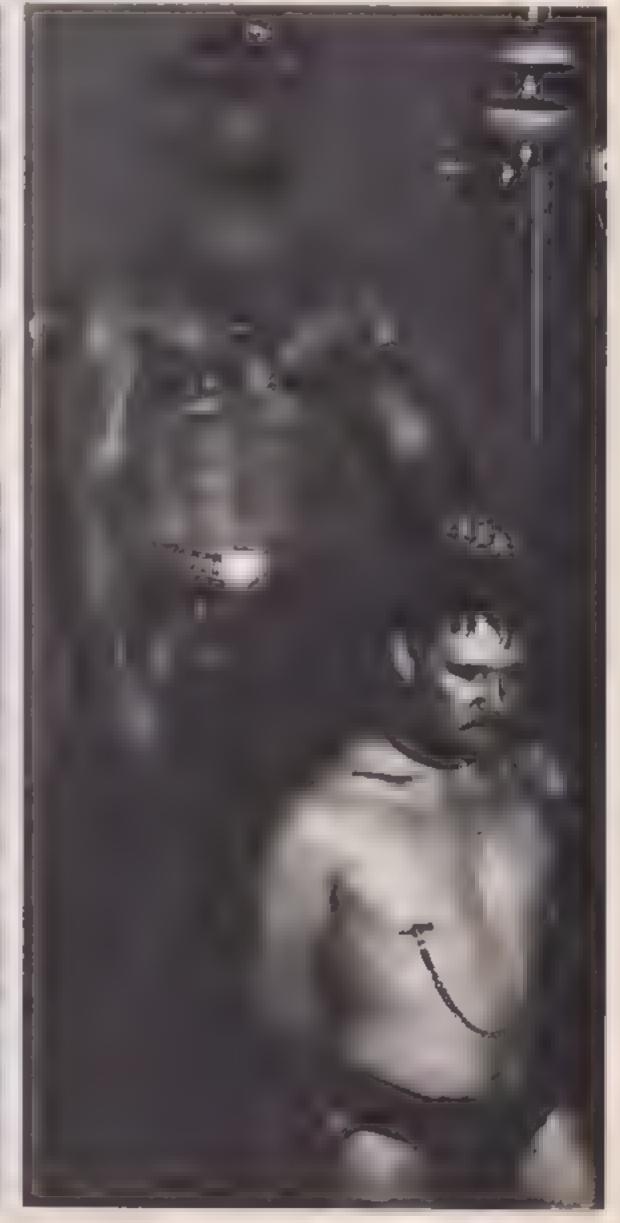
Leather was everywhere and the men were hot and ready. One of the hottest men in Houston has to be David LeBland, a man whom I predict will become a household word in the nation's leather community

If you are looking for a good time with real down-home men, check Houston out sometime. Believe me, you won t regret it

Frank O Rourke







# MONES OF THE STATE Hus Sevenue de ap ("A) Hold Hills : Ballich



#### TOUGH, RUGGED SON WANTED

Any gutsy, butch son who gets hot enough to want to pull down his dad's pants may get the dad and the belt from the pants. Dad will apply the belt generously, heav-Ly, and regularly to son's bare ass from then on

totally submissive and needs domination and regular physical discipline sessions. He must work out regularly, as I do, and have a muscular, developed body.

I am 45, 6'2", 190 lbs. He can have no inhibitions and must be totally obedient. I set limits. He will become a total stave and be permanently marked for ownership.

Kept nude, or in a slave collar and chains, his head shaved, he will cook, clean, and do heavy gardening and landscaping work on my 10 acre residence in the Sierra Foothells of Central California

Though I prefer an older son, he should be lairly tresh and unmarked. I want to be the first to enlarge his tits, then hail them to a 2x4 and permanently ring them. If this sounds harsh, it is. Physical discipline is most satisfying to son and dad when applied harshly, but with a minimum of tissue damage. The rougher the action, the better the soncan show his love, trust, and devotion. It also causes the dad to respond with tender acts of love, rewards, and respect for what his tough, rugged son has endured for

Let me add that I find any disfigurement to a son's body unacceptable and would never cause permanent marks other than a well-placed, unobtrusive mark of ownership, and pierced tits. But these things can be built up to slowly. over a long time span, in combination with preliminary and accompanying physical stress and ritual in a way to give maximum impact, satisfaction, and bonding to the relationship

RWM

#### DAD TRAVELS TO DISCIPLINE

This is one Dad with a difference. A big, fat, bearded Southern Daddy who won't hesitate to haul his grown son. out to the woodshed and wear out his butt with a switch of with his long leather belt. This hairy behemoth won't think. twice about tanning your behind and then shifting my massive bulk to sit on you for good measure will you I/O squeel. You just see if I don't

better—the old-fashioned way that stays with you—par- plenty of affection when he earns it. ticularly when you sit down

After living all my life in the South I'm about to pick up

and move to New York City (so don't bother writing to me). Seems some of you boys up there need some real education—the good way!

> CWD Greensboro NC

#### RAUNCHY DAD WANTED

Lam looking for a daddy who is into raunchy sex. Who is Top or mutual in shit and piss for his son—who is a bottom or mutual, and who wants to eat his not man's turd

Lam 31, 57", 130 lbs., body hair, beard and moustache and some fattoos. Hove getting fucked, want my dad to fist fuck me, and would rim his ass, lick his hot sweaty body. his bare feet, suck his toes, eat his farts. Daddy can get miinto light bondage and SM. I just ask that he not shave my

I'm looking for a dad that is 36-50 years of age, not overweight, taller than I am, with body hair and/ or taltoos. But if a Black dad wants me for his white son, then body hair and tattoos aren't really important

I have always wanted an older dad. When I was young I used to go to public restrooms and watch older mentaking a piss or listen to them taking a shit and imagine it. was my dad. I would jack off time after time.

I live alone in Toronto, Canada— and would be happy to correspond with a hot dad, or have one come to visit

Bill. Tollet San

#### MARRIED DAD

It's great being a daddy and even greater to read that Drummer has made it possible for all of us to open up our needs and communicate. Recently I've realized some phases of the pleasures of 'daddyhood' and so I'm ready for a close daddy/son relationship.

I am a (married) man, 52, 6', 185 lbs., brown hair, grey eyes, clean shaven, uncut, and need to own a younger man. My pian is to use him as a back scrubber in the shower, masseur, and as a male animal to toy with, use, train, and discipline. Though benevolent on occasion, I am a firm believer in tough discipline, punishment and reward. I want to share a very active sex life— teach him. how to serve as my oral slave and share frequent mutual

An applicant should be mature-minded, sure enough of To my mind, a son has one overwhelming use for his his own masculinity to be able to turn himself over to me, I am looking especially for an older, mature son who is trim, nearly hairless buns and that is the use of the seat for and manly. I prefer one close to 30, husky, self-repart (but corrections. A son doesn't need to hang his head and get | dependent on me for emotional and physical satisfaction) ashamed of his immaturity and mess-ups when he can just and ready for me when I want him. I promise him a shave come to his old daddy and get instructed on how to do when I feel like it, a strap on his ass when he needs it, and

Sherman Oaks, CA

#### UNDISCIPLINED SON SEEKS HOT COP

I've been reading all the stories and ads of Daddys and sons in Drummer the last issues and I can only wish I had a strong handed, strict daddy like the ones in your magazine.

I am going to L.A. this summer in hopes of finding my new daddy. My idea of a good dad would be: About 35-40, 6'1", (or at least taller than me), white or Chicano with a thick moustache, hairy body, big hands and feet and a direct, foud voice. But all of this is just an idea. I don't know how to get around in L.A., and I don't know where to go, but in hopes of finding a good dad, I'll manage it somehow and it will be worth it.

I want a real daddy I can take care of and learn from. I am 19, Chicano, raised in Arizona, about 185 lbs., stocky, with a 44" chest, pretty big arms, a moustache, and crazy for rock and roll and Harley-Davidsons. I was never disciplined in any way by my parents when I was younger. I guess they thought it would be too much like child abuse. Anyway, I feel it is my responsibility to find a strict daddy to train me to his specifications and prepare me to be a good daddy when I get older.

I lift weights regularly and ride a bike. I am not fat, but very different from their dads-taller, cut, fairer. have a football player's build. I've tried going to bookstores and all that shit, but no dice. The bars are mostly filled with 90 lb. queens. I don't like sissy guys who think

they're macho.

I'm really turned on to cops and highway patrolmen. I couldn't think of anything better than having a cop for a daddy, fixing his uniform and making his coffee every morning... wow!

> R.R. Phoenix, AZ

#### DADDY MAKES THE RULES

Bike riding, cigar smoking, beer swilling, high boot wearing, belt wielding, ass kicking, butt fucking, mouth feeding, tit piercing, hand cuffing, leg shackling, hog tying, stern, uncut, black leather Daddy looking for a cock sucking, piss drinking, boot licking, ass rimming, pit cleaning, bike polishing, hard, tight assed son: obedient, respectful, and hard working.

I make the rules, you make it easy on yourself and follow the rules. Step out of line and I bust your hump.

Sons should be seen and not heard. And no son gets too big to spank or knock down a peg of two if he smarts off to his old man.

Prefer uncut, hairy, under 5'10", but realize that sons are

Prefer boy living in rural area (at least 40 miles from nearest gay bar).

> I.M. Miami





#### **EDUCATED SON**

This blonde, bearded, smooth-bodied son (5'10", 147 lbs., 29" waist) is in search of a Daddy/Master in the NYC area. If you are seriously looking for a son/ slave, are bearded, very dominant, yet sensitive and affectionate, I'd like to hear from you. I promise total obedience, fidelity and submission to my Daddy, and will serve his needs exclusively (monogamously for the right Dad) - 5&M. B/D, WS, etc., as well as a loving, emotionally supportive Father/son relationship. My nonsexual interests include opera, theater, films, hiking, bicycling, mountains, beaches and travel - and a Daddy with whom to share and expand these interests.

Please write with photo if possible (returned at your request). We've cruised each other in the bars and on the streets long enough, and I'm tired of playing bar games. I'd much prefer spending that time together getting acquainted as Father and son. How about you, Dad?

#### LETTERS

Continued from page 7

(Editor's Note: We can't believe you don't already know the answer to your question, but just in case-beastiality. the act of engaging in sex with animals (non-human variety) is against the law in each of the 50 states and most foreign countries. The most we could do is talk about it in a clinical, non-sexually arousing way. And frankly, we think the New England Journal of Medicine does that sort of thing much better.)

#### THE FICTION TRUTH

Who are the people who write the stories in Drummer? Sometimes I think the same person is writing under different names. Is John Preston/Prescott a real person? I know Larry Townsend is, is he also Robert Payne? How do writers get their stories pubished? What's the real story on your writers?

D. Royce Los Angeles, CA

(Editor's Note: John Preston is a real person. He wrote the novel Mr. Benson under the name Prescott when it lirst appeared in Drummer; since then he has taken credit for it under his real identity, and when the paperback is published this summer-with a new ending—his real name will appear as the author. Robert Payne is another person and Larry Townsend is yet another person. Mr. Payne, who is the author of The Story of Q. among other titles, was the original editor of Drummer, and has been editor of the magazine on and off over the years. Larry Townsend, a separate person, is best known as the author of The Leatherman's Handbook, a work he has recently completely revised and which was just published. Some of these

people even know each other. Although a number of authors write for Drummer under psuedonyms, many use their real names. In the past we have published stories by Felice Picano (his real name). George Whitmore this real name), Jason Klein (his real name), and a number of other writers who have established careers elsewhere. We also publish a good number of unknown writers, and have proudly been the first place in which many, many gay writers have ever appeared. The same holds true for artists and photographers, we might add. How do you break into print? Simple. When you have a completed manuscript, you send it to us, we read it, and one of two things happens: we send it back with a nice rejection note or we contact you with an offer to publish. Everyone has a good story in them somewhere—the hard part is learning how to tell it.)

# DRUMER'S HOT SPOTS



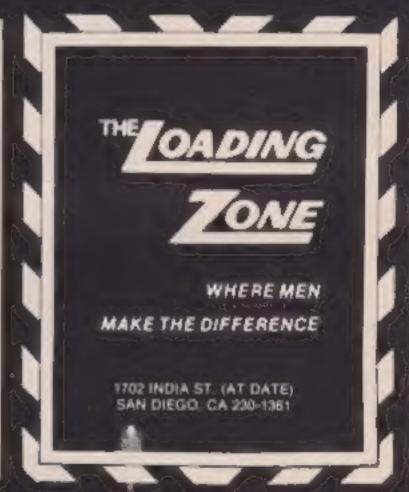
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